TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Although some very necessary amendments have lately been made in the Canadian libel law it is yet in a very unsatisfactory condition. That great modern institution the press has grown up and developed under a system which has remained comparatively unchanged in its fundamental principles since the days when the only way in which a libel could be published was by letter or placard. Obviously the laws which might be fairly suited to a time when the newspaper as we now know it did not exist, are an anachronism in this latter portion of the nineteenth century. The newspaper, drawing its information from a thousand different sources and being under the necessity of giving statements publicity which it is in the nature of things impossible to verify on the spur of the moment, occupies such a totally different position from the private retailer of gossip that to make the same law applicable to both is an absurdity. Notwithstanding all the care taken by reputable newspapers to prevent injustice being done to any man's reputation by the dissemination of false statements, there is scarcely an issue of any important journal which would not afford ground for half-a-dozen libel suits. The facility with which irresponsible, mercenary or vindictive persons can bring suits for libel which, whether successful or not, entail heavy expense upon publishers, is one of the greatest defects in the law. It is surprising that a class who possess so much influence and who are accustomed to use it so freely to procure the repeal of unjust and oppressive laws bearing hardly upon others, should have been so slow to use their power for self-protection. The State of New York has lately passed an important amendment to the libel law, which is calculated to relieve newspaper publishers of a part of the undue weight of responsibility resting upon them for statements made in good faith on the authority of information which afterwards turns out to be misleading. The following clause, it will be seen, brings the responsibility for libel in such cases home to the party who is really to blame:

"Any person who wilfully states, delivers, or transmits, by any means whatever, to the manager, editor, publisher, or reporter of any newspaper, magazine, publication, periodical, or serial for publication therein any libelous statement concerning any person or corporation, and thereby secures the actual publication of the same, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

There are a very large class of people who endeavor to use the newspaper as a means of venting their spite upon others, or injuring business rivals. Editors are obliged to be continually upon their guard to avoid being made the innocent means of doing injustice to others through statements palmed off upon them by unscrupulous correspondents or informants with an axe to grind. In case the party libelled taken legal means of setting himself right it is of course the newspaper that suffers, while the real author of the mischief goes scot free. The New York amendment is a step in the right direction and a similar provision might well be adopted here.

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The unseemly discussion at the City Council last Monday evening over the appropriation for the reception of the Duke of Connaught and the volunteers and other guests of the city on Dominion Day is to be regretted. If the question of the strict legality of such appropriations were to be raised at all it ought to have been brought up before the Reception Committee, by extending invitations to the royal party and the carnival visitors with the full knowledge and consent of the Council, had committed the city to provide for their accommodation in a befitting manner. For some time it has been pretty well understood among those versed in municipal law that city councils have been in the habit of exceeding their powers in connection with several classes of appropriations, such as grants made to sufferers at a distance on the occasion of great catastrophes such as the Johnstown flood, donations to the relatives of deceased officials and votes in aid of public demonstrations and for the reception of distinguished guests. All these it is probable are in violation of the strict letter of the law. But they have the sanction of custom and in some cases can be justified on the ground of humanity. In the present instance the verdict of nine-tenths of the citizens will be that the Council did well to sanction the expenditure under the circumstances. Practically the money was voted to fulfil an obligation previously contracted, and which could not have been shirked without bringing the city into disgrace. If a new rule is to be laid down and the lines of strict legality are to be rigidly adhered to in the future, well and good. Distinguished visitors will always, no doubt, find plenty of wealthy private citizens ready to extend them hospitality, widows and orphans of corporation officials will be no worse off than the survivors of those in private employ—in fact, they ought to be better off inasmuch as official salaries are considerably higher than those paid by private employers for the same class of work—and in the case of widespread calamities and public celebrations the generosity of the city is often an excuse for niggardliness on the part of individuals who are well able to subscribe handsomely. Let the Council keep within the law in future by all means, but that is a very different thing to inviting guests of distinction and volunteers to participate in the Carnival, and then finding out at the eleventh hour that we can't make provision to accommodate them.

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The interest and sympathy of the whole civilized world was lately aroused by the death of Father Damien, the heroic priest who sacrificed himself in ministering to the physical and spiritual needs of the wretched outcasts of the leper colony of Molokai, one of the Hawaiian Islands. It was doubtless a painful shock to many who had conceived a high idea of his nobleness of character as a genuine martyr and whole-souled philanthropist to see reports derogatory to his reputation accusing him of gross immorality obtain widespread circulation shortly after his death. It is pleasant to those who desire to retain some little faith in human nature and to believe it possible that there are a few noble souls capable of living up to high ideals and sacrificing themselves for humanity, to know that these sinister rumors have been thoroughly sifted and proved unfounded. The attack on Father Damien's memory appears to be due to sectarian jealousy, the stories having first been given currency by Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu in a letter to a brother clergyman which was extensively copied in the religious press. The matter was investigated by Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, whose letter on the subject in vindication of the martyr's fair fame is an exceedingly trenchant and powerful piece of writing, pitiless in its exposure of the despicable and unmanly course of the dead man's assailant, who seems to have had no other authority than idle gossip for his accusations and to have been actuated by the narrowest spirit of censoriousness. At the same time Mr. Stevenson freely admits that Damien, hero as he was, was by no means perfect and gives us a much more realistic picture of the actual man with all his weaknesses and imperfections than the too highly idealized descriptions of him heretofore published. That Damien was comparatively ignorant, crude in his ideas, bigoted in his religious views and retaining many of the traits of his peasant origin and narrow education does not in the least detract from his moral nobility of character and the greatness of the work he performed in the face of the certainty of a horrible and lingering death. In fact it is very questionable whether if he had been other than he was in these respects he would ever have taken his life in his hand to go on a mission of mercy to lepers. A refined, cultivated man would have shrunk from the ordeal. To such a one it would simply have been a physical impossibility. The intensity of religious conviction which made him a "bigot" was the animating motive of his self-sacrifice. A man of liberal modern opinions would not have considered that the souls of the lepers particularly needed saving or that any harm would ensue to them in the great hereafter by reason of their dying without the rites of the church. Damien of course held that their eternal welfare depended upon their dying in the faith, and consequently was nerved by the thought of the tremendous issues depending upon his action to undergo privations and risks, which a man equally humane but lacking his fervid faith in his church as the only road to eternal happiness, would hardly have encountered. All genuine martyrs are more or less bigots. The broad-minded, cultured people who have come to look upon all religions as equally right or equally wrong have not the same motive for self-sacrifice as the fanatic who is sure that he and those who think with him alone hold the truth, and the rest of the world are so terribly astray that they are in danger of eternal destruction. No more powerful impelling motive, for good or evil according to the circumstances, can be imagined than this all-absorbing dogmatic conviction of the possession of the truth which alone can save men's souls from an eternity of misery. The man who is filled with this absorbing idea may become either a Damien or a grand inquisitor ready to condemn thousands to the rack and the stake in order to stamp out pernicious and soul-destroying errors. There is not the slightest inconsistency between the two. The motive is exactly the same though the actions in which it results according to temperament and surroundings are so widely different if tried by ordinary human standards. It is a very shallow mistake to suppose that religious persecutors are for the most part bad men. They are simply men dominated by one absorbing idea and convinced of the all-importance for time and eternity of the prevalence of "right" beliefs and the comparative worthlessness and insignificance of all thing earthly in comparison. When a man once gets into this frame of mind he may develop either into a benefactor of his species ready to lay down his own life for others or a bitter persecutor careless of the misery he inflicts so long as "the truth"—as he sees it—is thereby vindicated. With the decline of strong convictions, consequent upon the spread of modern ideas and the culture which looks at all sides and sees and believes in nothing absolutely, both types will tend to disappear. Men don't sacrifice themselves for a half belief—neither fortunately do they fight or persecute to maintain it. So we may hope that on the whole the world will be the gainer by the change.

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The announcement made by Ald. Boustead, Macdonald kindly in dealing with public funds as "cheese-paring," but the word exactly expresses the system that is wanted in dealing with the over-lavish estimates as to requirements which the council committees are presenting. No item, however small, ought to be passed unless it can be shown to be absolutely necessary. We want no more of the large and lordly style of dealing with appropriations asked for, passing items with little or no scrutiny with the idea that a hundred dollars here and fifty there added to the yearly expenditure is of no particular consequence to a city of the wealth and size and future prospects of Toronto. The thought of a tax of 18 mills has so impressed the ratepayers that they would warmly support a move in the direction of close economy even to the point of cheese-paring.

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It ought to be remembered that we cannot afford to discount the future in the matter of current expenditures. We all look forward with a glow of civic pride of course to the day when Toronto will have a population of half a million—though just exactly how that is going to benefit those of us who are not land owners is not very obvious. But some of those to whom the management of our city affairs has been entrusted appear to have been unduly influenced in the scale of their expenditures by the remarkable progress which Toronto has made of late and the anticipation of its future greatness. There are some respects of course in which we ought to have an eye to the future, especially in the matter of providing public parks and recreation grounds, as every year's delay means diminished opportunities and vastly increased outlay in the years to come. But a judicious foresight in this regard, which civic rulers and citizens alike have been slow to exhibit, is a totally different thing from allowing ourselves to be carried away by extravagant notions in regard to a host of minor details of municipal expenditure and forestalling the possible increase of the revenue by spending more for purposes of ordinary civic government than our present sources of income will justify. In so doing we are killing the goose on which we count for the golden egg. Our present rate of increase will not continue if Toronto gets the name of being an extravagantly governed and over-taxed community. Those who might otherwise have cast in their lot with us will be deterred by high taxation and choose some other place of residence. In fact the future prosperity and greatness upon which we are building, and the contemplation of which is no doubt responsible for much of the increased outlay, is very largely dependent upon the adoption of more economical methods of administration and such a curtailment of needless and lavish expenditures as will bring our tax bills within reasonable limits.

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The re-election of Rykert by the people of Lincoln County even by a small majority is nothing short of a national disgrace. It will tend to lower Canada in the eyes of the world—or that portion of it which takes any interest in our affairs, and to confirm the worst that has been said by political pessimists as to the evil effects of partisanship in destroying the sense of public morality. The friends that Mr. Rykert still retains, and the result indicates that notwithstanding his proved rascality he is by no means friendless, absurdly call his re-election a "vindication" at the hands of his constituents—as though any number of ballots could make a wrong right or cleanse a moral leper. Instead of the Lincoln electors having vindicated Rykert, Rykert has succeeded in dragging the constituency down to the gutter with him. It is very probable as Rykert alleges that there are others in political life just as guilty as he, except as regards the violation of the great commandment of party morality: "Thou shalt not be found out." But if this is to be accepted as a plea for detected scoundrelism, either of the kind that brings men to the penitentiary or to a retirement from public life with a provision for old age, who will ever be punished? There is no single redeeming feature in the whole transaction from first to last either as regards the guilty politician himself or the constituency which, besotted by partisan fanaticism, expressed at the polls a practical approval of his offence.

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Though the voters of Lincoln come in for special condemnation in connection with the return of Rykert, "with all his imperfections on his head," there is no particular reason to suppose that as a class they are worse than the electors of other constituencies. The disease which is sapping our sense of public morality is general, rather than local. In similar circumstances the people of Toronto, or Oxford County, or Durham, or any constituency taken at random would probably act in the same way. It is not that they favor the political spoilsman—given the choice between two candidates of his party, the one a boodler and the other a man of clean record, and bad as the influences of politics are the average elector will nearly always prefer the decent candidate. The trouble is that nine-tenths of them so exaggerate the importance of party distinctions—which it would sorely trouble most of them to define—that they are ready to condone flagrant delinquencies committed by men on their own side, rather than see a clean-handed opponent in power. "Popular delusions" have formed an interesting subject for the essayist and student of human nature, but has justice ever been done to that most remarkable and tenacious of "popular delusions" which attaches a world of significance to the label of and fully sustained by the reports of the committees which have presented their estimates for the year's expenditure, that the rate of taxation is likely to amount to eighteen mills on the dollar, has created no little consternation among taxpayers. It must be borne in mind that the increase of the rate by itself affords no adequate idea of the actual increase in taxation, as of late years there has been a constant tendency to raise assessments to something approaching to the actual value of property. The alarm having been sounded no doubt strenuous endeavors will be made to economize in those directions in which retrenchment is possible, and cut down very considerably many items of controllable expenditure. It is rather a number of small increases than any few specially notable acts of extravagance of superfluous outlay that have caused the difficulty. It is a general advance in the city rate of living, so to speak—a more liberal and profuse outlay all around, on the supposition, no doubt, that the augmented assessment would suffice to keep down the rate. It is popular to poohpooh caution and economy of the Sandfield

A VENETIAN BEAUTY.

"Liberal" or "Conservative" worn by the candidate for the popular vote, while regarding personal character and competency as altogether a trivial and secondary affair? The "Equal Rights" movement apart from its specific object will accomplish a work of perhaps equal importance if it educates the intelligent portion of the electorate in the habit of estimating men and measures on their intrinsic merits without regard to party ties and traditions, and develop what Matthew Arnold called a "saving remnant" in each community, strong enough to hold the balance between parties and render such scandals as the Rykert "vindication" impossible.

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Social and Personal.

Saturday, the first day of the Ontario Jockey Club's meeting was not the pleasantest one that pretty women could have chosen to wear their dainty new gowns, for the chill of the afternoon air made cheeks a little pale and wraps a real comfort. Monday was some better, but on both days the ladies crowded the western stand reserved for their use. The most intense interest was manifested, and a little whisper of various bets with a due spice of naughtiness blew my way. Bon-bons, gloves, and the many other trifles that women will wager, were won and lost, as this horse lost or that came in victorious.

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Among those present on one or both days were: His Excellency the Governor-General, Hon. Edward Stanley, Hon. John Beverley Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Strange, Mrs. C. R. Hamilton, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, the Misses Seymour, Miss Hodgins, Mrs. Meredith, Mrs. Hume Cronyn, Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. and the Misses Hendrie, Mrs. J. S. Hendrie of Hamilton, Miss Cassatt and Miss Struthers of Philadelphia, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Reynould Gamble, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Dawson, the Misses Brough, Miss Vankoughnet, Miss Otter, the Misses Yarker, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Cosby, Miss Temple, Mrs. R. Myles, Mrs. E. King and the Misses Dodds, Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mrs. J. Carruthers, Mrs. N. W. Campbell, Mrs. Bennett, Miss Greet, Mrs. J. H. Mead, Mrs. A. Foy, Mrs. J. J. Foy, Miss Smith, Miss Mabel Gardiner, Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mrs. W. A. Hamilton, Miss Nellie Todd, Mrs. C. J. and the Misses Smith, Mrs. Charles and the Misses Brown, Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Gooderham, Mrs. J. W. Beatty, Mrs. Leys, Mrs. G. H. and Miss Cockburn, Mrs. and the Misses Beardmore, Miss Gooderham, Miss Michie, Mrs. G. S. Cox, Miss Clara Cox, Miss Evelyn Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. D. Armour, Mrs. Bristoe, Mrs. David Walker, Miss Walker, Mrs. C. Gibson, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. J. Wright, Mrs. Riordan, Miss Riordan, Miss Bunting, Mrs. H. W. P. Armstrong, Mrs. Thompson of Buffalo, Mrs. Leighy, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Bromley-Davenport, Mrs. B. Anderson, Mrs. J. F. and Miss Thompson, Mrs. and the Misses Arthurs, Mrs. Moorhouse, Mrs. E. H. Duggan and Miss Wadsworth, Hon. Thomas Greenway, Premier of Manitoba; Chief Justice Sir Thomas Galt, Mr. Daler, Miss Talt and Mr. T. Talt, Mr. Wragge, Mr. William Mulock, M.P., Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Hon. George Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Patterson, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Col. Otter, D'Alton McCarthy, M.P., Mr. John Leys, Mr. J. E. Smith, Mr. A. McLean Howard, Mr. Adam Archibald, J. B. Clark, Q.C., Mr. John C. Smith, C. F. Ritchie, Q.C., Mr. Walter S. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. A. M. Cosby, Mr. Charles Jones of Ottawa, Ald. E. King-Dodds, J. K. Kerr, Q.C., Dr. Johnson, Mr. Frank Turner, Mr. T. McGaw, Mr. David Walker, Mr. R. Jaffray.

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Some of the gowns were new and pretty, and nearly all were characterized by a breezy freshness, which suited the occasion and more than delighted the eyes of the observers. Among other handsome toilettes were noticed: Miss Marjorie Campbell's of white serge with velvet trimming and black hat; Mrs. Nordheimer's of black silk, black tuscan straw hat with lace and shaded roses and a wrap of London smoke plush trimmed with blue fox; Mrs. G. A. Kirkpatrick, a gray embroidered gown with trimmings of vieux rose, hat to match; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, white serge gown and white hat; Mrs. Sweny, gray and white dress with gray bonnet; Mrs. Law, black silk, bonnet of gold lace, roses and forget-me-nots; Mrs. Watson, pale pink bengaline, bonnet of gold lace and pink feathers; Miss Langmuir, pink and French gray, gray straw hat and blush roses; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, pale tan henrietta with white silk vest and passementerie, bonnet of pink roses; the Misses Seymour wore pale blue gowns trimmed with velvet and embroidered with forget-me-nots, toques of forget-me-nots; Miss Hodgins, pale green delaine, hat of pink roses; Miss Cockburn, white china silk, white feather toque; Miss Arthurs, French gown of striped blue silk and white, large black hat; Miss Elma Arthurs, tan cashmere; Mrs. Hendrie was in heliotrope; Miss Hendrie wore reseda green, and green hat with plumes; Miss Annie Hendrie, pink and white striped gown; Mrs. Forsyth Grant, black and white; Mrs. Robinson, terra-cotta and stone-gray; Mrs. Patterson, white and black foulard, lily-of-the-valley bonnet; Mrs. George Crawford, black gown, black lace hat and white flowers; Mrs. Douglas Armour, blue and white gown, black hat; Mrs. Crowley, gray gown, hat of gray feathers lined with red; Miss Faun Smith, black and white silk, toque of violets; Mrs. King-Dodds, vieux rose silk, small lily-of-the-valley bonnet; Miss King-Dodds, crimson and black, small black hat with poppy-wreath; Miss Madge King-Dodds, Nile green and velvet combination toque of leaves and pansies; Miss Bunting, light blue and white, small white bonnet with white flowers; Miss Walker, gown of fancy cloth in blue with white vest, and forget-me-not toque; Mrs. Cameron, blue trimmed with black passementerie; Miss Dawson, blue plaid with forget-me-not toque.

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Government House was *en fete* on Friday evening of last week, when a dinner party—followed by a large dance—was given in honor of His Excellency the Governor-General and the Hon. Edward Stanley, A.D.C., of Preston. About two hundred and fifty accepted the hospitality extended them by Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell. Shortly after nine o'clock those bidden to the dance began to arrive and from that hour up to eleven o'clock carriages were depositing their precious loads at Toronto's fair daughters and their escorts at the main entrance to Government House. The whole building was brilliantly illuminated, also the charming conservatories, which afforded delightful resting places.

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Sir Alexander received the guests in the large drawing-room, but Miss Campbell appeared in the ball-room later on in the evening, looking as lovely as ever, dressed in a pale pink satin over which was draped tulle of the same shade, with rows of narrow satin ribbon. A wreath of natural roses, matching her toilet in color, was worn on her head and also on her ostrich feather fan.

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Refreshments were served throughout the evening in the first room to the right of the front door, while the spacious dining-room did its duty as supper-room, supper being announced at midnight.

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Those who dined at Government House were: His Excellency the Governor-General, Hon. Edward Stanley, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Cassatt, Mr. Rudolph Ellis, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrie, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Mr. and Mrs. George Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, Major and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Commander and Mrs. Law, Miss McInnis, Mr. Darling, Miss Gillespie, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Miss Strauther, Mrs. W. Hendrie, jr., and Miss Yarker.

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Those who came later for the dance were: Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Allan of Brockville, Mr. H. Montague Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allan, Judge and Miss Talt of Montreal, Miss Annie Hendrie of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Violet Seymour of Port Hope, Miss Ethel Benson of Port Hope, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Mr. Gerald Boulton, the Misses Todd, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Miss Cockburn, Mr. G. W. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, Miss Walker of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Galt, Miss Vivian of Cobourg, Miss DuMoulin, the Misses Brough, the Misses John Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, Miss Alice Fuller, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Miss Castle, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brouse, Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Miss Mabel Cawthra, the Messrs. Beardmore, Miss Helen Beardmore, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gamble, Dr. and Mrs. Nattrass, Mr. and Mrs. Dunsford, Mr. R. and the Misses Shanley, the Misses Bethune, Mr. Cyril Cassells, the Misses Cassells, the Misses Wragge, Miss Birchall, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Gordon Jones, the Misses Beatty, Mr. Charles Beatty, Miss Minnie Parsons, Mr. Thomas Talt, Mr. Andrews, Mr. S. Morrison, Mr. W. Bunting, Miss Bunting, Miss Spratt, Mr. Ben Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Mervyn McKenzie, Lieut.-Col. and Miss Dawson, Mr. Lorne Campbell, Lieut.-Col., Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. J. T. and Miss Small, Mr. A. Munro Grier, Mrs. Watson of Georgetown, Miss Milligan, Mr. Kenneth Cameron, Mrs. Heinaman, Mrs. Layheigh, Miss Walker, Miss Armstrong, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, the Misses Bethune, Miss Edith McFarlane, Major Harrison, Mr. Harry Brock, Messrs. Houston and many others.

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Some of the ladies' gowns were very handsome, whilst others were striking for their simplicity and prettiness. Amongst those especially noticed were: Mrs. George Kirkpatrick, handsome pale pink corded silk, brocaded in a large pattern with roses of a deeper shade and green leaves with full train, pearl necklace and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Cassatt, heavy white satin, trimmed with pearls, with long train, diamond necklet and ornaments, ostrich feather fan; Miss Struthers, white silk, over which was draped in Roman style a pale pink and light blue striped scarf and pearl ornaments; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's gown was white and gold brocaded satin; Mrs. George W. Allan, black velvet and point lace, *en train*, diamonds; Mrs. Raynold Gamble, yellow corded silk and crepe de chine; Mrs. Alexander Allan of Brockville, white satin, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, pale blue brocaded silk, *en train*; Miss Bunting, white moire and tulle; Miss Mabel Cawthra, rose pink silk crape, made in Grecian style; Miss Hendrie of Hamilton wore pale blue brocaded silk with long train, and her sister Miss Annie Hendrie wore a white silk with gold Grecian trimming; Miss Grace Boulton, pale blue satin and tulle, pink roses; Mrs. Patteson, plum satin and tulle; Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, black velvet *en train*, Honiton lace, diamonds and feathers; Mrs. Nordheimer, black brussels point lace, over white moire, bodice trimming of silver, wreath and corsage bouquet of hyacinths; Mrs. Law, mauve moire with lilacs; Miss Wragge, black net, yellow sash and ribbons; Miss Parsons, white satin and tulle; Miss Spratt, old rose pink silk and net; Miss Hodgins, white satin with natural flowers; Miss Walker, pale blue silk net with trimming of blue ribbons and pale pink roses; Miss C. Wragge, black lace frock, green ribbons and sash; Miss Castle, pale pink corded silk trimmed with gold embroidery; Miss Talt of Montreal, bright red satin with tulle in same shade draped over it, red flowers; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, pink silk of a very pale shade covered with tulle and rows of satin ribbon on the skirt, pale pink natural flowers; Mrs. W. H. Brouse wore a very handsome heavy white satin, the front of the skirt being one mass of pearls, pearl passementerie trimmed the waist, diamond necklace; Miss Yarker, pale blue silk; Miss Maude Yarker, pink satin and tulle; Miss Small, white china silk; Miss Beatty, pale corn color corded silk and crepe de chine; Miss Milligan, pale blue spangled gauze trimmed with white marguerites; Mrs. Heinaman, pale pink crepe over silk; Mrs. Bristol, white brocaded silk trimmed with heavy gold lace embroidery; Miss Laura Boulton, light blue silk and tulle; Miss McFarlane, white satin and tulle with pink roses; Miss Cockburn, very pale pink silk over which was draped handsome white lace; Miss Ethel Benson, white crepe de chine; Miss Todd, flame colored satin and tulle; Mrs. Nattrass wore her wedding gown, a white poplin with embroidered panels and long train, as did also her sister, Mrs. Dunsford; Mrs. Alexander Galt had on a becoming white frock, velvet waist and tulle skirt with several rows of narrow ribbon on the edge; Miss Constance Brough wore white silk and tulle with a wreath of lilies of the valley in her hair; Miss Bethune, pale pink silk and crepe de chine; Miss Mary Campbell, pale pink silk, gold and pearl ornaments; Miss Amy Boulton, light blue satin and net, pink natural flowers; Miss Walker of Orillia, sage green silk and tulle; Miss Yorston of Cincinnati, pale pink with black tulle and pink carnations.

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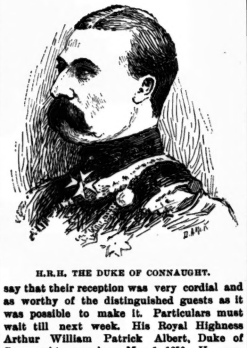
On account of the necessity of going to press Friday morning with this page I am unable to do little more this week than herald the arrival of their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The uncertainty of their movements previous to their arrival here resulted in a lack of preparation for their entertainment, which, however, was largely overcome by the prompt and decisive action of Ald. E. King-Dodds and his coadjutors on the reception committee. It is almost needless to



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

say that their reception was very cordial and as worthy of the distinguished guests as it was possible to make it. Particulars must wait till next week. His Royal Highness Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, was born May 1, 1850. He commenced his military education in 1866 and has occupied various important positions both at home and abroad. He served for a time in Canada and commanded a division at Tel-el-Kebir in Egypt in 1882. His last position was commander of the forces of the Bengal Presi-

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

dency, and he is now on his way home from that country. It is thought by some that he will soon step into the position of the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, as the Duke is now very old. His Highness is said to be thoroughly versed in military tactics and is considered one of the cleverest members of the Royal Family. The Duchess of Connaught was the Princess Louise, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia.

The following ladies and gentlemen had the honor of being invited to dine at Government House Thursday night to meet their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught: General Sir John C. McNeill, equerry to H.R.H., Dr. Kilkelly, Col. and Mrs. Cavage, His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto and chaplain, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Mowat, the Chief Justice of Ontario, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, His Worship the Mayor of Toronto and Mrs. Clarke, the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, the Chancellor of Ontario and Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. James Strachan, His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Chief Justice Armour, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Carman, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Mrs. Crawford, Hon. A. S. and Mrs. Hardy, Mr. G. R. R. and Mrs. Cockburn, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. C. J. Campbell, Rev. Dr. McKay, Hon. J. C. and Mrs. Aikins, Sir William Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pope, Sir Daniel Wilson, Sir Thomas and Lady Galt, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Caven, Colonel F. C. and Mrs. Denison, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Smith, Professor Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Meredith, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, Mr. and Mrs. George Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mulock, Professor and Mrs. Welton, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Commander and Mrs. Law.

•

Rev. G. M. Milligan has gone to Victoria, B. C., to preach the opening services of a new church there. Principal Grant of Kingston will occupy his pulpit on June 8.

•

Mrs. Watson of Georgetown is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Law of Sherbourne street.

•

Mrs. Skead of Ottawa has been visiting in town.

•

Mrs. Alexander Allan of Brockville, Mrs. Colin Campbell and Mrs. Andrew Allan of Montreal, and Mrs. Cassatt, Miss Cassatt and Miss Strauther of Philadelphia were in town for the races.

•

Miss McInnis of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. Strachan on Adelaide street.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Hendrie and Mr. Wil iam Hendrie were at the Queen's last week.

•

Mrs. Lehy is the guest of Mrs. Body at The Lodge.

•

Miss Gillespie of Montreal is the guest of Miss Campbell at Government House.

•

Mrs. Cockburn of Sherbourne street entertained a number of friends at dinner on Tuesday evening. Among these present were Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Commander and Mrs. Law, Sir William Howland, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Yarker and Miss Wilson.

•

Mrs. Palmer of Ottawa is paying a visit to her sister, Mrs. T. C. Patteson.

•

Miss Edith McFarlane of St. George street has returned from Cincinnati, bringing with her for a visit her cousin, Miss Yoiston.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riordan of Queen's park left this week for a fortnight's trip to Boston.

•

Miss Ethel Benson of Port Hope is the guest of Mrs. Richard Fuller of College street.

•

Mrs. Eddis of Albury Lodge, Rosedale, welcomed about eighty young people on Thursday evening to a dance given in honor of the bride, Mrs. Frank Eddis, who has just returned from her wedding trip.

•

Miss L. Birchall, who has been in New York for the last two years, is home on a visit to her father and family of St. Vincent street.

•

Mrs. G. A. Kirkpatrick entertained a number of friends at dinner on Saturday evening last.

•

Mr. and Mrs. David Walker have returned from a prolonged visit in California.

•

Miss Bricks of Brockville is the guest of Mrs. McCullough on John street.

•

Mrs. Enoch Thompson gives a lawn tennis party at her residence, Sherbourne street, on Friday, June 6.

•

The attendance at the opening of the Art Exhibition was large and fashionable. The reception committee was composed of Hon. G. W. Allan, president, and Messrs. Sherwood, Forster, Gagen, Revel and Matthews. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Prof. Goldwin Smith, the Misses Vicars, the Misses Macdonald, Capt. and Mrs. McDougall, Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, Dr. Davidson, Messrs. McCormack, T. G. Brough, A. McL. Howard, G. Meldrum, F. J. Dunbar, P. Lennox, J. Lobb, Hamilton Paull and C. E. Hooper, Rev. Dr. Grant, Mr. J. P. Murray, Mr. J. E. Stokes, Mr. W. Hamilton, Mr. R. S. Malone, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. J. J. Woodhouse, Mr. J. C. Whale, Prof. Shuttleworth, Mr. F. Sheriff, Mr. Charles Burden, Mr. D. E. Middleton, Mr. J. W. Beatty, Mr. G. Gooderham, Mr. C. Postlethwaite, Mr. A. H. Gregg, Mr. H. Langley, Miss Anthony, Mr. J. F. Adams, Mr. C. B. Robinson, Dr. F. Adams, Mr. J. Scott, Mr. W. A. Forsythe, Mr. T. M. Martin, Mr. G. E. Gillespie, Mr. G. W. King, Mr. Winnifrith, Mr. D. W. Alexander, Mr. W. C. Boyle, Mr. A. Moore, Mr. G. R. Frith, Mrs. G. W. Ross and the Misses Ross, Miss Dupont, Mr. H. Ross, Mr. P. Thompson, Mr. W. Macdonald, Mr. H. J. Hill, Mr. F. Wilson, Mr. George Kennedy, Mr. James Fullerton, Mr. J. Payne, Mr. O. H. Williams, Mr. W. Jennings, Mr. R. E. Greig, Dr. Withrow, Canon DuMoulin, Mr. G. W. Lee, Mr. Langmuir, Mr. S. H. Janes, Rev. A. H. Baldwin, Mr. R. J. Ellis, Dr. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Mercer Adam, Mr. Sanford Fleming, Mr. James Spooner, Dr. Barton, Mr. J. Donogh, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Mr. Bell-Smith, Miss Tully, Mr. Knowles, Mrs. Payne, Mr. F. and the Misses Mason and Mrs. Dignam.

•

Mrs. William Riddell and her son, Master Murray, of Denver, Col., are in town, the guests of her father, ex-Alderman Thomas Murray. Mrs. Riddell will remain in Toronto until the autumn.

•

After a brief illness Mrs. J. Ephraim Elliott died on Saturday last at her home on Wilton avenue. Dr. and Mrs. Elliott had been mar-

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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Boudoir Gossip.

It was a wise man who spoke thus: "We are disposed to look upon everyone who believes less than we as a skeptic, and one who believes more as a fanatic."

The method of measuring people by ourselves is quite common. We criticize a man's action, or a woman's words, fling down our gauge of right and wrong, use ourselves as yardsticks and dub the unfortunate as skeptic or fanatic just as he is shorter or longer than the self-made measure.

In constant contact with those whose early education differed widely from ours, whose later life has inoculated divergent methods of thought, we need all the charity we can scrape together to keep from quarreling with them. If we do differ to the extent of warm words we may be quite satisfied that we are at the yardstick again, and it seems to me that it is, at least, a conceited way of settling right and wrong.

The decisive affirmative should be less used. It is scarcely safe nowadays to determine a shade. We are much more likely to be agreeable if we say "I think that is blue." The eyes are oftentimes at fault and the "think" is quite a sure word as far as we are concerned, and it includes only our mind in the matter.

•

Leaning from a window last Saturday morning, to get a breath of fresh, blossom-perfumed air, I saw a small boy. He was very interesting—a little lad with bare feet, a bunch of crackers and a determination to celebrate his sovereign's anniversary in the most approved method. He was evidently not accustomed to the vagaries of the little red jumpers, and his carefulness amused me. First he picked up a stone, struck his match, held it to the fuse, but was beaten by the wind. Again he tried, was successful, and flung the cracker nearly across the road. He stepped back but bent his head towards it, waited, became impatient, circled round, drew nearer, nearer, bent over to investigate, when crack! bang! went the slow-burning cracker! Up flew his hands, and the scream of fear and amazement was only eclipsed for downright ludicrousness by his frightened little face. "Did you think it was not going off, Johnnie!" I called out, laughing. That was the last straw. To be taken by surprise was bad enough, but to be seen was worse, and two little brown heels and a ragged jacket hurried away from the window, and the firing was continued elsewhere.

•

Some two weeks ago a woman and her daughter boarded a train and took seats directly in front of me. They looked much alike, and I diverted myself from thoughts of a headache, by noting the differences and resemblances in form and coloring of face. They talked confidentially, as woman to woman, not as woman to child. The conductor approached. The mother gave him one ticket. He paused, looked at the girl, and asked in a weary, commonplace tone: "How old is she?"

The woman started, said something in a low voice, blushed, and fumbled in her purse, asking in shamed tones, "What is the fare?"

She seemed so embarrassed that I felt sorry for her, and yet the ignorance that should have known does not draw very heavily on sympathy.

That girl was large enough to pay full fare. She wasn't a day less than fourteen, and as a sample of her strength let me say that she raised a car window.

Everyone knows that it is only one window out of a hundred that goes up easily, and this especial one took place with the ninety-nine.

•

In spite of the oft-repeated warning from countless fashion magazines, in spite of fitness and delicacy some women will wear markedly-eccentric gowns on the street. "Plain dresses for street wear," cries Dame Fashion and some of her votaries live and walk in open rebellion to Madame's present edict.

It is a pretty whim to have original house-gowns. A woman can let her fancy play at will for home dresses. She can suit her complexion, emphasize her beauty, place her defects in the background and be, in short, her own gracious self with well-defined ideas on gowns and coiffures. In the hub-bub of city life it is different. Accession must be made somewhat to fashion and custom. We do not want to be stared at, and the brilliant colors and out-of-the-way arrangement of the hair will bring a fire of glances which are not complimentary, but, from their rudeness, disagreeable.

It has been often and well said that the best-gowned woman is the one whose particular dress items you cannot recall, the one who impressed with the idea only that she looked well.

•

Some observant man has said that if a new hat did not suit a woman's face she would speedily suit her face to the hat. I noticed a becoming little bonnet on a young girl at church last week. Her expression seemed totally unlike her usual one. She looked so demure, so devotional, so sweetly womanly, that I caught myself wondering if she had not practised the expression to wear with the bonnet.

•

Quite the daintiest handkerchief sachet which I have seen of late is a six by eight book-shaped one of pale gray satin. The top is formed of a three-by-four piece of bolting cloth with painted sprays of apple blossoms. The work is well done and artistically designed. The snowy flowers and pink buds have apparently been tossed upon the cloth, while two or three loosened petals lie about with charming naturalness. The gray satin is puffed about the bit of brush work, framing it in its soft tinted folds. The under side is quite plain, while the inner part of pale pink is quilted and perfumed. Two pockets are formed, which afford secure resting place for at least a dozen handkerchiefs.

A laundry bag which has three good qualities, those of being beautiful, convenient and easy to make, is fashioned of brown holland. It is fourteen inches long and eight wide, drawn up by two cords, a green and a brown, through small brass rings. The seams and hem are feather-stitched in fern-green washing crewel, and a spray of ferns is outlined in shades of green, with a touch of brown where the early frost might have rusted them.

Traveling bags are neatly made of check or fine-stripe linen, and bound with silk tape of the darkest shade. The number of pockets can be regulated by the requirements of the owner. Some people's "must haves" are many more than those of others. There should be at least a sponge bag lined with oil silk, a pocket for hair-brushes, a strap for combs, nail and tooth-brushes, soap, button-hook, nail file and scissors. More may be added at pleasure. The convenience of having everything together is very great, for the little things are so often left about, when one is going from place to place; and a cursory glance at the bag, which is last packed, will assure one that embarrassment is not waiting for one at the other end of the journey.

•

Satin and silk sleeves will replace the velvet ones worn in early spring.

Chatelaine bags are more favored than ever, and are made up in fancy leathers with silver mounting in various degrees of beauty and expensiveness.

Flowers are the rage, but feathers and tips will take their place, to a large extent, with the newer summer hats.

Veils are made with round velvet patches to enhance the clearness of the complexion. They work very well with great care in adjusting them, but a patch placed unwarily on the eyebrow, the side of the nose, or too near the mouth, is anything but becoming.

CLIP CAREW.

The City of the Living.

In a long vanished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day,
So long ago expired its grief and glory,
There flourished, far away

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide,
Within the dwellers lived, in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders,
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling place.

No fear of parting, and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there;
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying
Made any face less fair.

Without the city wall, Death reigned as ever,
And graves rose, si le by side;
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.

O, happiest of all earth's favored places!
O, bliss to dwell therein;
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,
And fear no grave between.

To feel no death damp, growing cold and colder,
Disputing life's warm truth,
To live on—never lonelier, nor older,
Radiant in deathless youth.

And, hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,
A tide of pilgrims flowed;
Across broad plains and over mighty waters,
To find that blest abode.

Where never death should come between and sever
Them, from their loved apart;
Where they might work, and will, and live for ever,
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did great deeds, and laid up store of treasure,
And never any died!

And many years rolled on and saw them striving
With unabated breath,
And other years still found and left them living,
And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul, whom angels pity,
Craving a boon like this:
Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city
Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall,
Forsook their pleasant places and came stealing
Outside the city wall.

Craving with wish, that booked no more denying—
So long it had been crossed—
The blessed possibility of dying,
The treasure they had lost!

Daily the current of rest seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide,
Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath?
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living,
There is no cure but death!

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
Were that sweet rest denied,
And few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died! —*New York Truth.*

All lovers of good books should read The Little Chatelaine, by the Earl of Dorset; Love's A Tyrant, by Annie Thomas; A Society Scandal, by Rita; Without Love or License, by Capt. Hawley Smart; A Rogue's Life, by Wilkie Collins; An Ocean Tragedy, by W. Clark Russell. These interesting stories can be had from your bookseller for 30 cents each.

In the matter of business or day dress the most fashionable worn at present is the two-button cutaway morning coat and is the most favorite for business use. It has demonstrated its suitability against all other styles. It is neat and manly, yet convenient and comfortable. The principal change in style this season is a lower cut in front with only two buttons, leaving more space on the shirt front to display the wide four-in-hand scarf now prevailing. The vest to be cut as low in proportion with roll or step collar. The material used is dark blue or black cheviott in full suitings, or coat and vest with a light stripe or check trouserING. This contrast makes a very handsome as well as a very dressy suit. Having just received an excellent line of these goods, would ask your inspection before purchasing your spring and summer suit elsewhere. Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West End Tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

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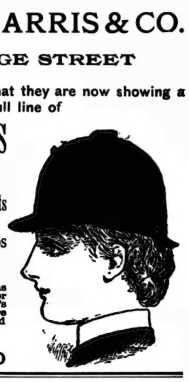
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With Moire Reveres, $4, cheap at $6.
JET VISITES AND WRAPS
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ULSTERS AND TRAVELING CLOAKS
At $3, $4 and $5.
100 COMBINATION DRESSES
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25 PIECES 22-INCH CASHMERE CLOTH
At 12½c., worth 20c.
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FINE FRENCH DELAINES
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BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

While Miss Oakeley held forth with animation, and Major St. John put in a word at intervals, Egerton moved across the room to where Dorothy was sitting, and said in a low tone, "I ought not perhaps to trespass upon you, but I want to ask pardon for my precipitancy. Will you forget my ill-judged haste, and let me come and go on the old terms? I will not offend again, and at least, till Fancy I may do so with less chance of rebuke. I may never reach that happy conviction, but let me try."

"I have no right to interfere with your coming or going," said Dorothy, softly, "but I do not like to give you any annoyance, and I do not think I shall change."

Here both were called to share the consultation, which was rather noisy, and ended in an appointment for Dorothy to practice with Miss Oakeley at noon the following day. Then she declared she would be late for dinner, a crime her aunt would never forgive.

"There is a very amusing article on the 'Æsthetics of Dress' in the 'Quarterly Review,'" said Egerton, "I forgot to bring it but I will let me bring it over this evening, I'll read it to you"—he stood with his back to Dorothy, speaking to her sister.

"Oh! yes, certainly—thank you!" she returned, with a little, nervous catch in her voice—raising her eyes to his and then dropping them quickly.

"Till we meet, then!" He bowed and followed Miss Oakeley.

"Oh! Mabel dear! Why did you let him come?" cried Dorothy, as soon as the door was closed. "I should have enjoyed a nice, quiet evening, and above all I don't want him."

"How could I refuse?" she said, pressing her hands together. "He had asked Herbert and Paul to let him come and try his chance, and Herbert had agreed."

"What! Did Paul agree to this?" cried Dorothy—a kind of sharp cry—"I thought he knew me better!"

"Well, dearest, you know you are not obliged to marry him."

"I am quite aware of that," said Dorothy with decision, "but I object to be teased."

Mabel did not answer immediately, when she spoke it was to say: "I thought Hubert looked more like himself than usual this morning."

"Yes, he did, and you will both be all the better for your *tete-a tete* tour. I see your head is bad to-day."

"It is. I feel as if one of my old neuralgic headaches were coming on again, but a cup of tea will do me good."

Egerton did not fail to keep his promise. He was more than usually agreeable, keeping under the strain of cynicism that often tinged his talk. He read aloud well, and his comments on the paper when he had finished it were amusing, the reminiscences it evoked of the various fine ladies, mistresses of the art of dress, interesting; he addressed most of his conversation to Mabel, who said little, lying back among the sofa cushions as if weary, while Dorothy looked diligently at a bright ornamental pinafore for her little niece, which was a blessed occupation for her eyes. At length, after a short pause, Egerton exclaimed in an altered voice:

"I am afraid I am boring you, Mrs. Callander. You are looking awfully ill."

"It is that horrid neuralgia!" cried Dorothy, laying down her work and going to her sister. "She has been suffering all day. Would you like to go to bed, Mabel?"

"Let me try mesmerism!" urged Egerton. "You remember the relief I was able to give last spring in town. Let me try."

"Would you like to try, Mabel?"

"I would rather go to my room," said Mabel, faintly.

"She'll have an awfully bad night, Miss Wynn. I'll make a few passes. You'll see how soon the look of pain will leave her."

"I don't half like it!" said Dorothy, doubtfully.

Egerton came and stood beside the sofa, his eyes fixed on Mabel, who did not make the slightest resistance. Slowly passing his hand over her face in the fashion usual with mesmerisers, the tired eyes gradually closed, the pained contracted expression passed from her face, and she slept the peaceful sleep of an infant.

"It is wonderful," whispered Dorothy, who felt an indescribable impulse of pity and tenderness towards the gentle, loving sister who seemed so mysteriously oppressed—the tears were in her eyes, and her voice faltered as she added, "I wish you could give me this power, that I might enable her to rest! She seems so helpless."

"She is," returned Egerton in a deep tone full of feeling. "But unless you have the power and control over it, it is not made the know I possessed it till that strange, mystic Bohemian Grafin I told you about, whom I knew some years ago at Prague, assured me I had it and made me experiment on some of her people. I am half ashamed of it. I would never use my power, save to give physical relief. There is a prejudice against it too. Perhaps it would be as well not to inform Mrs. Callander, for instance, that I was able to give your sister some repose."

"Oh, certainly not!" cried Dorothy. "The less said the better, people are so ill-natured. I hope my dear sister will not wake until any more. I shall sit and watch her till she wakes, and so I must say good-night now."

She held out her hand as she dismissed him.

"Yes! it will be best to let her rest till she rouses of her own accord. I will call early to-morrow to inquire," and in a cold absent way, as if nearly conscious to whom he was speaking, Egerton took her hand and went noiselessly away.

Amid all her anxiety about her sister Dorothy looked after him in surprise. All trace of the lover had vanished from look and manner.

"I wish I could understand him," she thought. "I wonder what Paul Grafton thinks. Is it possible he wishes me to marry him for the sake of money and position? It is true that he is a man of the world, but I thought he had a heart too."

She drew a chair and sat looking at her sleeping sister, her heart swelling with tender memories. How gentle and forbearing she had been to Dorothy's wayward childhood. How untiring in her patient attempts to help her in her lessons, to make her sew and keep her out of scrapes, and yet she, Dorothy, in her forwardness, used to despise her a little for the awe she was in of Miss Birch, their rather rigid "Domina." Dorothy could not understand such dread of any mere human creature like herself. Her stronger spirit could not understand the reverent, timid, self-sacrificing nature of her sister. But how deeply she loved her! How ardently she longed to be able to help her. She was at once a mother to be respected, a sweet, simple child to be guarded by her younger sister.

The big tears rose in Dorothy's eyes as she thought, and then flashes of summer lightning like wrath struck through her as she thought of that refrigerated, frigid dowager, worrying and oppressing so delicate and tender a soul, and she planned various retorts to be used when occasion offered.

Her meditations were interrupted by the quiet entrance of nurse.

"If you please, 'm," she was beginning, when Dorothy's "Hush" stopped her.

Pointing to her sleeping sister, she said in a whisper, "She is in such a nice sleep. I think it must do her good. She was in terrible pain, but Mr. Egerton sent her to sleep with mesmeric passes."

"I only wanted to ask about the sort of tucker, miss—I would like in Miss Dolly's new frock, an inch or inch and a half, but it's no matter! Dear, dear, she do sleep peaceful, advancing very softly to look at her. "I hope she'll be the better of it. Mark my words, Miss Dorothy, Mrs. Callander wants a deal more doctoring than the colonel's daughter by a good bit than when we first came home. Many's the time I find her crying on the quiet in her own room! Now that's weakness, for a young lady like her has nothing to cry for. Hasn't she all the world can give her!"

She paused and looked with kindly compassionate eyes at the unconscious creature who lay all unconscious of her scrutiny.

"She is sound," resumed nurse in a whisper, "still, I don't hold with this sort of thing—mesmerism as it's called. It isn't natural, it's a sort of witchcraft, and for all Mr. Egerton is kind and nice and a real gentleman and makes her sleep like a baby, he never does her any good."

"Well, you must remember he never tried but once before and that in fun, when we defied him. Mabel's neuralgia was not really bad then."

"Yes, Miss Dorothy, Mr. Egerton has put her to sleep oftener, twice to my certain knowledge since the Colonel came home, for he called me once to bring a pillow for her head, and to stay by her till she was so, and another time to fetch a shawl. I never said a word to nobody I didn't, it's a queer sort of thing to talk about. Miss Dorothy, I don't think it does her any kind of good! You just ask Mr. Egerton not to try that cure any more, for if you'll excuse me saying it, Miss, from all I can make out, he'll not do anything if you ask him."

"Yes, I shall certainly ask him, indeed forbid him," said Dorothy very low, while an extraordinary thrill of horror shivered through her at the idea of her sister being thus reduced to helplessness by anyone—even by her husband. The idea that Egerton had exercised this power increased her aversion to him.

"Go, dear Nurse, bring me some wrap to throw over her; she must sleep her sleep out, and I shall watch her. Mabel must never have another sleep of the same sort if I can prevent it."

It was more than two hours before Mrs. Callander awoke. How they passed Dorothy could not tell. A dull, impalpable sense of fear, of danger, seemed to hedge her round and hide the future from her. The future which up to the last few weeks had smiled so brightly upon her. She longed to open her heart to someone wiser than herself. Yet what had she to tell? That her sister suffered from neuralgia, and that she was vexed and uneasy that Egerton, who posed as her lover, had soothed the pain by mesmeric influence? No, she could not, and would not speak of this to mortal, she felt instinctively that Colonel Callander would be irritated if he heard of it. Then she reproached herself for being so fanciful, so ready to think, not exactly evil but in the possibility of evil. And Paul Grafton! Could he be that? Ready and willing to give her to this man? Paul who had always seemed to understand and sympathize with her! He had been a hero in her eyes for many a day, and when he returned from a long absence when Lord R—'s child, had sent him on some private diplomatic mission, he surprised she had been to find him so young, so full of animation. She had always thought of him before as being one so much older than herself, now when she ran into the room ready to embrace him an indefinable something held her back, which Standish detected, laughed good-humoredly and said: "I see you have developed into a full fledged demoiselle, who must be treated with proper respect," then he laughed again and kissed her hand. Colonel Calander and Mabel had laughed too at her sudden dignity. But it was not dignity it was—she could not tell what, some inner instinct which even now brought the color to her cheek. How happy they all were then. From that day, however, Standish had never offered her a kiss in his old elder brotherly way, and she had to exercise a good deal of self-control to keep up the cool, unembarrassed friendliness of manner which any unexpected encounter with him always disturbed.

"But if Herbert and Mabel go away, Mr. Egerton must come here, and I suppose Paul's holiday is nearly over. How dull it will be. However, life ought not to be all pleasure and self-indulgence. I can let plenty do, and when we all meet again things will go on in their old, happy way. Mr. Egerton will be tired of his whim of marrying me, and probably we shall see no more of him," were her final reflections. Then Mabel stirred, shivered, and opened her eyes with a look of fear in them which changed to one of relief as they fell on Dorothy. She stretched out her hand to her, murmuring her name. Dorothy stooped over and kissed her tenderly.

"Is he gone!" whispered Mabel.

"Yes, dear. Mr. Egerton is gone. You are safe with me. Are you better?"

"Yes, much better," and she burst into a fit of hysterical weeping which almost frightened Dorothy. With some difficulty she persuaded her to go to bed, and then called nurse to arrange a sofa for her own accommodation, as she determined not to leave her sister alone at night so long as Colonel Calander was absent.

Next morning, however, the sun was shining. Mabel declared herself better, but consented to breakfast in her own room.

A pleasant letter came from one of her former school-fellows, inviting her to spend October in a large, pleasant country house, where a goodly company was to be gathered for the pheasant-shooting, awaited Dorothy at breakfast, and the buoyancy of youth suggested that much of her unaccountable nervousness of the previous evening was attributable to nervousness and nightfall.

As Mabel seemed more cheerful, and promised to drive with Paul Standish when he came as usual after breakfast, Dorothy set off to keep her appointment with Miss Oakeley, and, their diligent practice over, several idlers dropped in to lunch, among them Major St. John and Standish.

Lunch finished, Dorothy refused a pressing invitation to drive with Miss Oakeley.

"Well, if you will not come, pray take this programme to your sister, and the advertisement. I have just put down what I want to say. She must polish, my dear; I have no turn for grammar! There," straining her neck to look out of the window (she had secured a suite of rooms on the ground floor looking to the sea), "there goes Aunt Callander in state. Lady-in-waiting, lap-dog and all! I know she is going to inquire for Mabel, and inspect her proceedings! Where is Mr. Egerton to-day? I have seen nothing of him since, oh! since yesterday!"

"Well, you warned us all off the premises, as you wanted an uninterrupted morning. I was afraid to show myself, even at one o'clock, until Standish gave me a lead," returned St. John.

"Well, I must run away now! I am going to drive over to Beech Hall. I want to persuade Lady Geraldine to play the violin at my concert, she would be a great catch. Will you come with me? Do—do Dorothy."

"I am very sorry, but I cannot, Miss Oakeley. I must go back and support Mabel."

"What a formal little thing you are, Dorothy! I think I might be 'Henrietta' by this time. Shall you dine at home to day?"

"Yes. That is we have dined. While Herbert is away I dine with the children."

"This indifference to the sacredness of the dinner hour is a fatal flaw in the female character. Women will never be in it as they ought until they take a more personal interest in food," said Standish.

"What a low-minded speech," cried Miss Oakeley. "I was going to say, Dorothy, that I would come over this evening and try that duet again, with Mabel as accompanist, then Mr. Standish might look in and we could go over the trio, too."

"We shall be delighted to see you."

"Very well, about 8.30. Are you going?"

"I will walk across the common with you," said Standish, following her into the hall.

"Yes, do please," she returned, feeling a sense of strength and comfort in his companionship, and longing to be able really to pour out her heart to him—if it were possible to put her vague uneasiness into words. Even if she were—but Standish was speaking.

"You are quite right to hurry back to poor Mabel's rescue. She is by no means equal to encounter her mother-in-law single-handed."

"You are right. I don't think she is equal to anything," said Dorothy, sadly.

"What?" he exclaimed, struck by her tone, "you are not seriously uneasy about her?"

"There is no reason I should be, but—oh! I can't explain my indefinable anxiety—I daresay you would laugh at me if I could."

"Perhaps they were interrupted by a young lieutenant of St. John's regiment, a warm, though silent, admirer of Dorothy, who turned from them unasked and joined them, forgetting the project of a regimental ball, for which he hoped Miss Wynn would hold herself disengaged.

They were almost at the gate of the Knoll before he left them, and they did not resume their conversation.

"Is Mrs. Callander in?" asked Dorothy of the man who answered the bell.

"No, miss. Mrs. Callander—the dowager Mrs. Callander—called before she had finished luncheon—she and Mr. Egerton—and they all went out in the carriage together."

"Did not my sister drive this morning?"

"No, miss. The poor mistress was out with nurse and the children. Mr. Egerton came back with her."

"It is probable she will not be back for some time," said Standish. "Let us go down on the beach, Dorothy, you look as if you too wanted to be taken care of, and the open air will do you more good than sitting in a room."

"Very well," and she turned from the house to go through the garden. "But I am quite well, only a little worn out by my practicing and two whole hours of Miss Oakeley's enthusiasm."

"I can imagine it. High pressure—hey!"

"Yes, very high." They walked on silently till they reached the water's edge, when Dorothy instinctively turned her footsteps in a more frequented part of the common and exclaimed:

"Let us get as far from the madding crowd as possible."

"By all means, especially as I want a little private talk with you."

"Do you!" in an alarmed tone, "I hope not a scolding!"

"Do I ever scold you!" reproachfully.

"Well, no! But just now I always anticipate evil."

"The terrors of an awakened conscience, I suppose!"

"I think I am more imperfect than wicked," said Dorothy, with a sigh.

Standish laughed.

"Conscience is hard at work, I see. No, I am not coming to scold—why should I? You are really a very good girl, so far as I see. I am going to cross-examine you."

Dorothy had recovered her self. Dorothy bent her head, her naturally pathetic little face looking so sad that Standish involuntarily drew closer to her.

"You don't imagine, my dear Dorothy, that I would willingly distress you? I think you can trust me! Now," with a change of tone—"tell me; are you a woman of many proposals of a matrimonial alliance with my charming ward from an exceptional *parti?*"

"I am," very seriously.

"It seems you have refused Egerton. May I ask the why and wherefore?"

"I don't like him."

"But why?" urged Standish.

"Curious fool, be still! Is human love the growth of human will!" quoted Dorothy, with a wonderfully sweet, half sad smile.

"What a pretty creature she is sometimes!" thought Standish, while he said, "Bad study, Byron, for young ladies! Come, Dorothy, you must have some method in your madness, for madness it would be considered by most women to refuse such a man! Handsome, fascinating, clever—yes, I decidedly think him clever, rich, young, with the world before him where to choose, wisely picking out this humble, sweet, obscure violet."

"Oh, nonsense, Paul! I am not a bit humble, and I am not a sweet violet. If I am anything in that line, I am a rose, with many thorns. Now go on, and do not laugh."

"I will be quite serious. I consider it my duty as your guardian to point out the advantages of such a match."

"Match! I hate the word—it only applies to lucifers and carriage horses."

"Well, marriage, then. Of course, Egerton's wife would have a capital position, and everything the female heart can wish, including a handsome husband. Moreover, he is, I can see, rather a fascinating fellow, and as he has evidently been devoted to you for some time, I am a little puzzled how you have come to steel your heart against him."

Silence on Dorothy's part, her large, dark grey eyes looking out over the sea with a dreamy, soft expression.

"Yet, I confess myself puzzled," resumed Standish, watching her. "I don't want to force any confidence—but—is the fortress impregnable because a stronger than Egerton is already in possession?"

Dorothy started, the warm color mantling in her cheek, but still she did not speak.

"I suggest the notion, because your happiness is very precious to me, and—and—I would promote it by all means in my power. Come, my dearest Dorothy, be confidential. Can you not tell me the secret of your proud, fiery heart?"

"Yes, most of them, but, Paul, would you like to give me to this man?"

"No—by heaven, no!" cried Standish, with unnecessary energy. "I would rather have you at least to soothe my declining years, and give me my last cup of gruel, but I am bound to place the advantages of such a marriage before you, and your friends may think the charm most women half alarms me. Come, my dear ward, your reasons!"

"I think," begin Dorothy, thoughtfully and slowly, "that Mr. Egerton might be charming—perhaps irresistible, if he loved, but somehow or other I feel quite convinced that he does not love me!"

"My dear Dorothy, what an absurd impression. Why should he ask you to marry him? Why seek you at all, were he not strongly attracted! you have no particular advantages of rank or wealth—indeed, Egerton wants nothing of that kind."

"Now do tease me! Thus a matter so absurd to say so, but I feel quite sure he does not care a straw for me."

"How do you know? Have? What is at the bottom of this preposterous conviction?"

"Nothing at all that any sensible person would consider proof," returned Dorothy in a deliberate tone, dwelling on her words, "but there is no love in his voice or his touch—or—oh, no!" breaking off suddenly, "there is no love in him for me, or I could never be so indifferent to him!"

"Do you mean to say," looking at her rather sternly, "that you would love anyone whom you felt or fancied loved you?"

"No, Paul; but if I felt that a man was really in love with me, I should be sorry for him, and feel kindly towards him, and wish I could make him happy and—" she stopped.

"You feel none of these amiable emotions towards Egerton?"

"Not one! I do not like him. I used. I thought him delightful when we were in London, but I did not feel the least bit in love with him, you understand!"

"No, I do not—not half as well as you do. Why, how have you acquired such an extraordinary amount of heart-lore." And he looked very steadily at her with a slight smile on his lip.

"By an extensive and profound study of novels, I suppose, for I have seen very little of life."

"And instinct, my dear child! Have you not tried your 'prentice hand or eyes on any of the charming young fellows, red, blue, and green who abound here?"

"Why, Paul! how could I? Since Herbert came home we have never gone anywhere, or invited anyone."

"True; but before he came, and ever since? for many a quiet game has been played, of which the lookers on have little idea."

"Do you think so?" said Dorothy, absently; then returning to the original current of her thoughts, she added, gently: "Well, my dear guardian, I have never tried them."

"I believe so," he returned heartily. "I think you are strong enough and proud enough to steer pretty straight through the life that lies before you—all before you, and that young thing!" he added with a sigh. "But don't give away your heart too readily; the whole color of your life, of your lives of such women as you are, depends on that first venture."

"Oh, I'll take care," said Dorothy, with an arch smile, "I promise you will promise not to trouble me any more about Mr. Egerton—that is finished."

"I suppose so, I will not trouble you, Dorothy, but Egerton will; and Callander, he is rather keen about the affair. For my own part, I am disposed to be on your side. Still, I think I'd follow to love with you."

"And I—though I cannot argue about it—feel sure he is not."

There was a pause. Then Standish, as if to change the subject definitely, turned to face the water, and, stretching out his hand, said, "That's some foreign craft there you see, with brown sails, tacking across the bay. She completes the picture, doesn't she?"

"Yes. How do you know she is foreign?"

"I can hardly tell you, but she doesn't look like a Britisher."

"Ah! You accept intuitions, too!" cried Dorothy, a mischievous smile changing her face completely.

"I do not act upon them," he returned, laughing. After watching the vessel for a few minutes they went slowly back to the villa in pleasant confidential conversation.

(To be Continued.)

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.)

L. I. S.—Use an unabridged Liddell and Scott.

ROMULE—Candid, self-reliant and ostentatious.

NAOMI.—Perseverance, shrewdness, energy and decision.

PETE, Ingersoll.—Sincerity, justice and self-will are clearly marked.

ENOS.—Sympathetic, fond of display, generous and resolute.

ARIELLE.—Prudence, intuition, executive ability and mirthfulness.

CARNATION.—Energy, variable temperament, honesty and mirthfulness.

MAPLE LEAF.—Self-will, restless temperament and impulse are shown in your writing.

ALICE, St. Thomas.—You are, I think, very energetic, mirthful, practical and generous.

MAY.—Your writing shows sincerity, order, self-will and a fondness for the luxurious in life.

MARGUERITE, Toronto.—Fondness for flattery, energy, impulse and vivacity are shown here.

SMITH.—Your writing shows intuitive judgment, conscientiousness, self-esteem and originality.

KAYTHE.—Originality, independence, thoughtfulness, generosity and courage are shown here by your writing.

ENID, Belleville.—Your writing shows resolution, a moody temperament, self-reliance and sensitiveness.

WHITE CARNATION.—Your writing shows activity, a rather sunny nature, self-reliance, vanity and candor.

JERMAINE.—Your writing denotes practical ability, an easy-going disposition, little caution and affection.

ANNE.—This specimen shows a practical nature, originality, decision, some vanity, much self-reliance and prudence.

CLACK, Ottawa.—Decision, justice, prudence, self-reliance and wit are marked in this specimen of your writing.

FAUST, Toronto.—You promised to write and tell me how you succeeded in your planned study. Is it progressing well?

CHERRY BLOSSOM, Hamilton.—This specimen shows tireless energy, sensitiveness, ambition, ready sympathy, pride and order.

MARGUERITE, London.—Perseverance, firmness of feeling, a ready sympathy, much industry and ambition are denoted by your writing.

RUBY.—Yes, I believe somewhat in palmistry. Did you ever made a study of the hand? Your writing shows enterprise, resolution and self-esteem.

BELLA BRUCE.—Your nicely written letter tells me that you are wilful, of a restless temperament, with good intuition, orderly and rather ambitious.

MINNIE MAY, Brantford.—Your writing betrays a superset sive nature and a rather undecided disposition, with reserve and suspicion somewhat marked.

M'LISSE.—What a dreadful bundle of questions you hurled at my head. It would be quite impossible to answer them. Your writing shows ambition, modesty, deceit and mirthfulness.

BESSIE.—Now do you really think I can tell you all things? Surely you were joking. The writing shows impetuosity, a sympathetic and generous nature, se f-esteem and self-will.

A. H., Cobourg.—What a pleasant time you must have been having the evening you wrote this letter. Your writing shows ambition, a good humor, generosity, courage, self-will and fair decision.

BERYL, Belleville.—The arrangements for the carnival are very pretty, and I daresay it will be a success, if the papers when out. Your writing shows sympathy, reserve, sincerity, energy and ambition.

CHARLOTTE, Wallaceburg.—Self-esteem, kindness of heart, mirthfulness and ambition. No. 1. Decision, reserve and suspicion. No. 2. Variable temperament, sincerity, ambition and considerable dignity.

A MEDICAL STUDENT, Montreal.—Your frank and sensible letter was read with pleasure. I quite agree with you. Your writing shows considerable vanity, a good and practical nature, inquisitiveness and caution.

F. M., Meaford.—I have not the least idea of the meaning, and think it must be some little home-made joke. If I ever do find out, I will let you know, and if you discover the secret, will you send me word?

PAT.—Yes, I do believe in platonic friendship if the friendship is extended equally to half-a-dozen. Yes, I would accept the offer of a friend, but don't let him some unless you are very fond of him.

PHYLLIS MARGUERITE, Brampton.—Thank you for kind wishes. Your writing shows a good nature, affectionate, vivacious woman, with much originality and enterprise. You are perhaps a little careless and scarcely decided enough.

CHERRY O., St. Catharines.—It is too bad I could not have answered your letter before, but it comes in this week's work, although the date is past. Your writing shows prudence, reserve, an unostentatious nature, quiet humor and perseverance.

ROSEBUD.—The specimen you gave in your letter is very fine. It is a favorite one with me. Do you not always read more than one book at a reading? Your writing shows a resolute and decisive nature, with an unostentatious disposition, some originality and mirth.

EFAK.—What a refreshing letter. Your breezy little note brought me inspiration. What shall I say of you? You are tender, somewhat reserved, prudent, a little eccentric, somewhat vain and a little self-willed. This, however, is a natural, common and necessary characteristic if one is not to be a dull in the great world.

GLADYS, Toronto.—Your handwriting is very kind. It is pleasant to know that you are interested. Your writing shows intuitive perception, romance of feeling, candor, self-will, considerable vanity and a little self-esteem. I, energy, vanity and the disposition. 2. Good intuitive judgment, a little self-confidence, perseverance and decision.

MILLICENT LEEDS, Winnipeg.—I am glad to hear that the character delineation of the Winnipeg friends was correct. Your writing shows ambition, a disposition to look on the dark side of life, considerable self-reliance and originality of thought. You are also warm hearted and sincere. f. The language of the pansy is: Think of me.

DON.—You have no idea how quickly I installed you in my good graces when I learned that you refused to enclose half-a-dozen specimens. I think hot water excellent for the face. It makes it to beautifully clean, and a dash of rosewater followed by a puff of powder makes a very great difference in a woman's appearance in the evening. Your writing shows vivacity, volubility, ambition, some vanity and sociability.

UNDECIDED ONE, Brantford.—What a shrewd guesser you are. You were right in your supposition, but will you not send me word how you became aware of the fact? The editor of *Century* is Richard Watson Gilder and *Harper's* is edited by George Wm. Curtis. About the low growing hair, I am at a loss. It is almost impossible to remove it, and if it is kept curled it is to, to my mind, rather a graceful finish to the coiffure.

MAY FLOWER.—Am glad to hear from you again. We should be very charitable towards people whose opinions disagree with ours, for early training makes such a difference. You will, at least, have no diffi ulty during the summer, and perhaps another winter perhaps may find opinions changed. I am sorry for you, for I know you feel. Did I forget the character delineation before? Here it is: Generous, mirthful, impulsive, rather hot, but just and candid. Write whenever you think I can help you.

MAYARA—I. Lope is pronounced "lah;" 2. About the chapeau—properly speaking it is not good form. 3. Austria is a kingdom of the Austro-Hungarian Empire 4. Birthday gifts are selected always with reference to circumstances, and by that I mean that the degree of kinship, the length of friendship and tastes are to be well considered. Most men like books and pictures, while the little knick-nacks for writing-tables are always accept ble. If you wish to give your sweetheart a present you can have an indefinite number of dainty trifles to select from Whisk-broom holders, traveling cases, blotting pads, laundry bags, handkerchief sachets are all useful and may be made very attractive. See Boudoir Gossip for de criptions. 5. Your writing shows a practical nature, self-reliance, some vanity, self will and cheerfulness. Your letter has lain unanswered for a long time. I am sorry for the delay, and trust the answers are not too late to be of use to you.

Ring Bedecked Specimens.

In New York there is a species of young man who wears rings and rings—not one, or two, or even three, but six and seven—and he wears them just as his women friends do, clear up to the knuckle of the third and fourth fingers of both hands. Some of them are of gold and some of silver platinum, and occasionally one sees a thin dark band that means iron, and they are set with all kinds of stones, sometimes a diamond, sometimes a turquoise, sometimes an emerald, or a ruby, or a sapphire. And the young man who wears all these finger adornments always rides in the elevated cars without his gloves, and the young lady clerk sits opposite him and counts, and wonders, and admires.

Well Known.

She—Do you ever see your name in the papers?

He—Yes, occasionally. My name is John Smith.—*Detroit Free Press.*

On Shipboard.

Chatty Passenger (by way of opening conversation with testy old gentleman whom he doesn't know)—Going over?

Testy Old Gentleman (who is slightly ill and feels sleepy)—Yes, I suppose so. What's the use of asking fool questions like that?

Chatty Passenger (a bit piqued)—Well, you might possibly go under, you know.

Truthful.

Tramp—I'd like a drink, but I don't suppose you'd want to change this five-dollar bill.

Bartender (briskly)—No trouble about that. Here's your medicine.

Tramp—What, water. Ah! That's good whisky.

Bartender—Eh! Lookee here! This bill is no good!

Tramp—Yes, I said you wouldn't want to change it.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The One Thing Requisite.

Young Wife—How the world moves! There's Bessie Gray, an old chum of mine, a graduate of the Normal School, has just entered a medical college. She will soon be able to write M.D. after her name. Women are coming to the front, I tell you. Formerly girls were taught nothing but housekeeping.

Young Husband—Yes, and now they're taught everything but housekeeping.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE.

"Kitty Me Darlin'!"

Kitty Carruthers was one of the prettiest girls in Madras—no one could in common honesty dispute that fact. Even enterprising matrons with marriageable daughters on their hands were bound to confess that there was something very winsome about Mistress Kitty.

She was a Irish girl, hardly out of her teens, with an undeniable spirit of her own; her blue eyes were worth a king's ransom, and her luxuriant wavy dark hair was the envy and the admiration of all her lady-friends and acquaintances.

Kitty had been out from "home" for about a year, and she had been married almost directly she arrived to Captain Edward Carruthers, of the 20th Native Infantry. Everybody said they were a handsome couple, and the men declared that their friend Ned was lucky to have found so pretty a wife; but, as time went on, Madras society shook its wise head and began to whisper that the Carruthers did not "get on" well together.

It was not very wonderful if they did not, seeing that to all appearance they had so little in common. Captain Carruthers was a studious man, much fonder of the library than the parade-ground, and addicted to shutting himself up for an afternoon with an imposing volume in front of him; but he was friendly withal and kind-hearted. He adored his pretty blue-eyed wife; but perhaps he did not understand her very well, although he was quite ready to allow that everything she did must be right.

Kitty was a success in Madras from the first; society took to her, and she was a favorite with everyone—in fact, it was usually acknowledged that, unless Mrs. Carruthers could be induced to favor an evening-party with her presence, the whole affair would prove "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

During the first few months of their married life her husband used to accompany her every night in her drives to the beach, and stand by her phaeton while she was surrounded by a crowd of new acquaintances, most of them officers of the regiment to which he belonged. He liked to see her cheeks flush and her eyes gleam with pleasure; but by degrees he awoke to the unwelcome fact that there were others in Madras besides himself who adored his pretty wife.

Many of these were subalterns of his regiment, raw youths fresh from Sandhurst, whose great anxiety in life appeared to be cultivate a moustache. Kitty liked them all; she called them "the boys," and told everybody they were "great fun," although inordinately conceited. They used to beset her at the Government House balls, and scribble their initials against every dance on her programme; they would beg a flower from her—and get it too, if naughty, high-spirited Kitty happened to be in one of her wild moods.

Among all these admirers of Kitty the man whom Ned disliked the most was the youngest lieutenant in the regiment—Mr. Dicky Devers. This brilliant youth belonged to a good old family in the South of Ireland, a fact which had commended him to Kitty's notice. He took it upon himself to be her champion, and was always to be found in her society; while she laughed at him and chaffed him unmercifully, telling him to his face sometimes that his conceit was killing him by inches.

For all the world Ned Carruthers would not have had his wife suppose that he was jealous of Dicky Devers, so Kitty never guessed that her husband wished she would not cultivate the acquaintance of the young soldier so assiduously; and thus things gradually went from bad to worse. Ned grew more and more silent—even morose; and, when he noticed the change in his bearing towards her, poor Kitty put her own interpretation upon it. Ned had discovered too late that she was far too frivolous and light-minded to be his wife. That was what she felt sure was the meaning of it all; and she began to wish herself back in the dear old home in Ireland, where Ned had first seen her. She would have gone anywhere, have done almost anything, to get away from the troubles that had come into her married life.

At last the hot weather commenced; and, when her friend Mrs. Armytage, of the Royal Artillery, took flight to far-famed Ootacamund, Kitty made up her mind that she would go too. She told her husband of her decision as they were sitting one morning over their late breakfast.

"To Ooty!" said Ned, in surprise, looking up from his curry and rice. "I beg you will do nothing of the sort. You know I cannot get leave just now to take you myself, and I don't like the idea of your going alone. Please do not think of it."

"That is too absurd!" cried Kitty, her hot temper rising instantly. "You never go about with me when I am here—I go everywhere alone. Besides, Mrs. Armytage has secured rooms for me at Gray's Hotel, and Dicky Devers has taken three months' leave on purpose to go too. I am not likely to be without an escort while he is there."

Ned said no more, and Kitty went to the Hills, in spite of the strange pain at her heart which was torturing her day and night. Dicky Devers followed in her train, radiant at the thought of daily rides and drives with his divinity. He went everywhere in her company; but Kitty was hardly conscious of his many attentions. She thought him a kind-hearted youth, and liked him because he spoke rapturously of "ould Ireland."

Every week Ned had a letter from his wife; but it was not the sort of letter he cared for. She wrote enthusiastically of the beauties of the Hills, of how Dicky and she rode here, there, and everywhere together, and of how much she was enjoying herself. She never hinted at the trouble that had taken her away, never asked him to come to her, nor did she seem at all disappointed if he did not write to her for weeks; but all the time she was away poor restless Kitty was longing to be home again, longing to see for herself if what everybody said was true—that her husband was looking miserably ill.

When the hot weather was over, she came back, closely followed by Dicky, who was more insanely in love with her than ever. Many of the young officers who had formerly paid open court to Mrs. Carruthers held back now, conscious that the game was going too far; but Kitty was in total ignorance of the fact that the eyes of Madras society were turned upon her. She was absorbed in the thought that her husband no longer cared for her; but she would rather suffer in silence than confide her trouble to anyone. Ned grew worse and worse; still he was kind to her always—gentle even—but so silent, so preoccupied!

"If only I could do anything!" sighed poor Kitty, as she brooded over his conduct.

At last the end came, but in a most unexpected manner.

One afternoon, about the middle of the cool season, Kitty had made up her mind to forego her drive to the beach and remain at home. Her husband had lately taken to spending all his leisure time at the club, where he pored over dry-as-dust books, and half killed himself with smoking numberless Trichy cheroots. On this particular day he had been absent from home since the early morning, and had not even come in after the six-o'clock parade, while poor Kitty waited for him all alone and meditated upon her trouble.

She had gone over the incidents of their married life a hundred times that afternoon, and the hour for her drive had gone by almost unnoticed, when suddenly she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs without, and presently Mr. Devers was announced.

"It's happy I am to find you, in and alone!" exclaimed the foolish boy, stepping eagerly into the veranda where she was seated. "Why, it's two long days since I saw you last; and goodness only knows how I have managed to live through them! Sure it's been killing work!"

"Ah, I thought you looked pale and thin when you came in!" said Kitty calmly, with a glance at his somewhat rubicund countenance; but sarcasm had no effect upon the dull intellect of Dicky.

He chattered away incessantly, and Kitty answered "Yes" or "No," but said little besides. At last, with a torrent of compliments, the young man begged that she would sing to him, if it was only one of the Irish songs that he loved. The one redeeming point in emptyheaded Dicky Devers was his love of music, which was almost a passion, and quite sincere. The songs Kitty chose that afternoon were Irish melodies, as quaint as they were lovely, and she sang them with all her heart in the words and music.

When she had finished, she went back to the veranda with a strange feeling upon her. She was thinking of the old rose-garden at home where Ned had wooed her, and where she had first sung these same Irish ballads to him. She was still in this half-conscious state, with her thoughts far away from the present, when suddenly, to her great amazement, she discovered that Mr. Devers was kneeling on the floor at her feet. She stared at him in consternation for a moment.

"Dicky, what do you mean?" she exclaimed, wonderingly; while he gazed up at her in an unusually lackadaisical fashion. "Have you taken leave of your senses? Get up at once!"

Dicky sprang to his feet at her bidding; but, before she realized what he was doing, he had taken her in his arms and kissed her twice.

"Oh, Kitty, my own dear love, if you only knew how I adore you!" was one of the many delirious sentences that the poor young man poured forth.

Kitty was bewildered, and, even when he had released her, she stood for a moment in perfect silence, covering her eyes with one hand; then she turned and confronted him, her cheeks crimson with rage and shame.

"You little coward!" she cried, trembling from head to foot in her anger. "This is what your attentions for the past few months have meant; and I have been too blind to notice it. You dare to kiss me here in my own husband's house! Well, I'll teach you a lesson!"

Her riding-whip was standing in a corner of the veranda—a pretty ivory-handled thing but with a thong like a piece of well-temp'red steel. She seized it, hardly knowing what she was doing, and, turning upon him, struck him with all her strength across his face.

"Get out of my sight," she cried, "and never let me see you again!"

Dicky Devers picked up his hat and ran. His horse had been led round to the stables, but he preferred to escape upon foot, rushing down the avenue, with Kitty running after him, almost beside herself with rage.

A gharry was coming along the Mount Road, drawn by a spiritless and dejected-looking horse. Captain Carruthers was inside the vehicle, returning from the club, and his amazement was great indeed when, on looking out, he saw Lieutenant Richard Devers racing with more haste than dignity down the road, while Kitty followed at a short distance, wildly brandishing a whip above her head.

"Kitty, Kitty, have you gone mad? What has happened?" he shouted, springing out into the road.

At sight of her husband Kitty stood still and panted breathlessly:

"It's as well he has such long legs, or I would have done for him!" she cried, flourishing her whip. "He hasn't had half enough; but I gave it to him pretty sharply; and he feels it now, I hope!"

"The poor girl has gone stark staring mad!" thought the captain anxiously, as he helped her into the carriage.

Later on, in the cool of the evening, when the stars came out, Ned and his wife were standing very close together in the veranda of their bungalow. They had an engagement to dine that evening with the colonel of the regiment, but it was evident they had both forgotten all about it, and had enjoyed a highly satisfactory confidential chat instead. Ned was looking happier than he had looked for many months, and Kitty's eyes shone radiantly as she looked up at her husband's face.

"Silly old boy!" she was saying, as she rubbed her cheek affectionately against his scarlet coat. "What a goose you have been, to be sure!"

At this they both laughed, and he drew her closer to him.

"Sure, Kitty me darlin', you're the right sort o' girl!" said Ned, kissing his wife vigorously, and lapsing into his broadest brogue.

Dicky Devers has married, and settled down into one of the quietest and most docile of henpecked husbands; but he has never told his wife of that episode in his bachelor-days when Kitty Carruthers, in her mighty wrath, gave him such a thrashing.

In a Daze.

First Miss—Where are you going this summer?

Second Miss—I haven't the least idea.

First Miss—But can't you judge from what you heard your pa and ma say?

Second Miss—Well, from the way ma talks I'd think we were going to New York, Saratoga, Paris, Berlin, White Mountains, Rome, St. Lawrence and all through Egypt. From the way pa talks I'd think we were going to the poor-house.

Success at Last.

"I don't know whether to go to London or not."

"You shouldn't back out, now that success has crowned your efforts."

"Success! Efforts! What efforts!"

"To hold a monopoly on your eye without using your hands."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Householder (to suspicious character)—What do you want?
Suspicious character (thoughtfully)—Well, I dunno; what yer got?—*Life.*

Glaziers and Temperance

High-License Man (to Prohibitionist)—But, you see, there is one class of men who must invariably have their glass before they can do their work successfully.

Prohibitionist—That's all nonsense! Who are those men?

High-License Man—They are glaziers.

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VOL. III] TORONTO, MAY 31, 1890. [No. 27

Music.

The Philharmonic Society's concert on May 20 was a very interesting one. The performance here of a programme composed entirely of Wagner's works was in itself a distinct novelty, one of interest to musicians and music-lovers. Despite all the claims we delight to put forth on behalf of Toronto as being a musical city, we occasionally meet with a decided and a practical denial of the truth of these claims. Such a one was registered on this occasion when the Pavilion was not nearly so well filled as the performance deserved, either on its merits or for its novelty. Very evidently the Wagner cult has not yet tinctured the musical feeling of Toronto. Mr. Torrington had taken great pains to present a selection that would illustrate the different phases of Wagner's work, while it should at the same time be within the powers of his forces, and he succeeded very well in his endeavor.

The chorus was large and brilliant in sopranos and altos, but sadly deficient in male voices, and much of its work suffered on account of this disparity. In spite of this the chorals from Die Meistersinger was beautifully rendered, and may be ranked as one of the best performances in the history of the society. The high pitch in use here scored its victory over the chorus in the Messenger chorus from Rienzi, where the merciless altitude of tone severely tried the singers. The *verve* and "go" of both director and chorus were well illustrated in the Tannhauser Festmarsch which was brilliantly rendered. A curious feature was the singing of the Pilgrims' chorus from Tannhauser by the female voices, a violation of the original, whereby much of the dignity of the chorus is lost. Much better was the choral effect of the Lohengrin finale, in which the chorus sang exceedingly well

The orchestra was large and strong and gave an excellent rendering of the introduction and bridal music from the third act of Lohengrin, the fine rushes of the wind instruments being rendered with promptness and certainty. The string tone was very good and well sustained. The Rienzi overture, which opened the programme, cannot be looked upon as indicative of the reforms in opera which Wagner so boldly advocated in his later years, but is a fine rousing and acceptable for its bold and comprehensive instrumentation. It received an excellent rendering, its natural spirit being congenial to Mr. Torrington. Altogether the orchestral work, especially in the accompaniments, reflects great credit upon Mr. Torrington for bringing a programme of such weight to so successful an issue.

Miss Ryan surprised everyone by the excellence of her singing, especially in the Lohengrin finale. Her voice was full and strong, and she was most meritoriously certain in her work. Less tremolo in the voice, however, would improve it very much. Mr. Charles Kaiser has a good serviceable and vibrant tenor voice, with which he did excellent work. He gave a very faithful and impressive rendering of Walther's Prize Song from Die Meistersinger, and added a number not on the programme, the Farewell of Lohengrin. Mr. H. M. Blight had arduous duties to perform, and acquitted himself most creditably. His best work was done in the Flying Dutchman duet, which Miss Ryan and he sang very acceptably. The Hans Sachs number from Die Meistersinger is not a grateful one for the singer, but Mr. Blight made a very good impression with it. The Lohengrin prayer was sung by Mr. Schuch.

A new departure was made by the Sons of England, who gave the first of what promises to be a fine series of Queen's Birthday concerts on Saturday evening last before a very large and a very well pleased audience. The programme was a rare but well-assorted mixture of extremely good talent, artistically considered, and comedy characteristic of generous breadth. Miss Clara Barnes of Buffalo is a well-established favorite here, and her singing on this occasion well maintained her popularity. Mrs. Schultz of Detroit has a very sweet soprano voice, a trifle unmanageable in the higher notes—and she sings with taste. Mr. Mockridge of course was good, but he surpassed himself in his singing of The Death of Nelson, which was a noble and stirring rendition. Mr. Blight also was in good voice. These ladies and gentlemen gave some very enjoyable part songs. The comicalities of Mr. Harry Rich and the veteran Tom Hurst supplied the lighter pabulum of a very enjoyable evening.

The Carnival scems destined to pass off without the choral and instrumental concert which was at first designed to be one of its features. Messrs. Fisher and Torrington had been designated by the Music Committee as directors of this function, but the heavy cost, some fifteen hundred dollars, of such a scheme threw it out of court, especially in view of the City Council's reduction of the civic grant from its original proportions. There can be no doubt that such a concert would have been an event welcome to thousands, but it is equally certain that the expenditure of such a large sum on a high-class concert would have subjected the Executive Committee to serious criticism, if not censure, from the subscribers to the fund, and also from the ratepayers. The music that the general public wants for such an event is band music rather than choral and orchestral work, and after all, as the public pays the piper, the public taste must be consulted.

The Conservatory of Music has arranged for a series of five lectures on Memory and the Rational Methods of Improving It, to be delivered by Dr. Edward Pick, a gentleman who has made the subject a special study with widely-known success. The first of these was held in the Y. M. C. A. lecture room, on May 22, and was well attended.

The great Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore and his equally great band will give four concerts on Wednesday and Thursday next at the Pavilion, assisted by the Philharmonic Society's chorus. The soloists will be Mme. Ida Klein, Mme. Helene Von Doenhoff, Miss Kate Ryan, Miss Evelyn Severs, Mr. Henri Koeke and Mr. Edward O'Mahoney.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's senior pupils will give a concert on Monday evening in the Y. M. C. A. lecture room, assisted by Miss Hillary and Mr. H. M. Blight.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Theatrical affairs are just about at an end here now for the summer. The players have strutted and fretted their brief half hour upon our stage, have pocketed a heap of our hard-earned cash and have gone home to devise new schemes and fresh fakes to entrap us unwary people next season. They will ransack a thousand brains to get material for fresh pleasures and many, many fresh pangs to cheer and harrow our souls with next winter, when McGinty and Little Annie Rooney shall have betaken themselves to parts unknown and Where Did You Get That Hat will be succeeded by something even more flagrantly imbecile. Later on the heavy tragedian and the double jointed contortionist will get them to the sea shore and paralyze the waterine places with costumes so loud that you cannot hear what the wild waves are saying. The angelic society star will flit across to Paris and come back with some of Worth's "creations" to pose in for six nights a week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, all next season. The tragedienne will spend the summer unravelling her brows which she has been knitting all winter and getting out new lithographs of herself younger and more lovely than ever. The chorus girl will simply step down to the seaside and there enmesh the Johnnies the same as ever. All the old plays will be entirely remodelled and mostly rewritten during the summer except Kerry Gow, which will be packed away in camphor to foil the moths till the weather gets cool enough to bring it out in the fall. Thus does the theatrical mill grind on and when the summer is over and the nights grow long, again we shall be all willing to go back and listen to the same old chestnuts done over and enjoy them hugely.

Jacobs & Sparrow's opera house is still open and all this week J. W. Ransome and J. B. Radcliffe's company have been playing Across the Atlantic to fair business. The play is a melodrama of climaxes, chock full of sensation and excitement. Mr. J. W. Ransome is the leading man and is versatile enough to take four different characters during the course of the play, in all of which he is tolerably successful. Mr. Radcliffe give an imitation of Irving and some musical specialties which are fairly clever. Mr. W. S. St. Clair was the villain. Miss Ella Ranso me is a pretty fair specialty artist. Miss Helene Collier does justice to her part.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It is rumored that Jacobs & Sparrow intend to erect a new theater here this summer.

W. J. Florence will play with Joseph Jefferson next season. Mrs. Florence has not been playing during the past season.

Dixey, of the versatile limb and the ambitious head, is said to be hard at work on a new burlesque, which will shortly be produced in Chicago.

Maude Banks is playing in Boston her own drama, Joan of Arc, in the French language. She is supported by the French Dramatic Company of Boston, and it is said their French is spoken with the purest of Boston accents.

In Madrid, when an actor has a benefit, his admirers send to the theater little gifts, such as canes, slippers, game and such trifles, just as if it were a donation party, and the employes hand these gifts around among the audience for inspection, while next day a complete list of them is printed in the papers.

One of the latest successes in the New York theatrical world is Richard Mansfield's presentation of Beau Brummel, a new play by Clyde Fitch. Though the play leans to comedy Mr. Mansfield is said to have made a serious study of the character of the antiquated dude and to play the part with consummate *finesse*.

It seems likely that the movement throughout the United States to have their national anthem played after performances in the theaters is going to succeed. Its promoters will perhaps be more doubtful of its use as an inspirer of patriotism after they have heard it rattled off as is sometimes done in this country when the orchestra is in a hurry to get home.

Cora Tanner describes the sensation of wearing trousers as "simply delightful," and adds, "I can sit down just as a man does when I have them on." The naive admission is slightly reminiscent of Galatea when she says disapprovingly in slow and stately tones to plebeian Chrysos: "Pygmalion did not sit down like that" and Chrysos, whose mind cannot comprehend that the process admits of any originality, answers: "Oh, indeed! I never noticed that he had any particular manner of sitting down."

What a bore is the weeping, wailing stage heroine!

When we wore short gowns and long braids, we were thrilled with admiration for Elsie Dinsmore, when she wouldn't play the piano on Sunday and sat all day on the piano stool, bravely renouncing dinner and supper, until she tumbled off, in virtuous defiance of the unholy command.

I suppose it is a like spirit of patriotism which compels us to seek our handkerchiefs at matinees and the bidding of slow music when some gentle, resigned creature makes a great hulabaloo about nothing at all.

The stage heroine's distinguishing air of sweet resignation is very irritating.

The true, every-day, real-life heroine, is not a creature of tears and lamentations. She doesn't roll up her eyes, grasp her lower lip, faint, or make faces, in a crucial climax.

On the contrary, she proves her right to the noble title by keeping her wits about her, behaving sensibly, and thinking what is best to be done under the circumstances.

Please, authors, give us heroines who don't weep, wail, lament, make faces, and keep time to the soft tremolo of the fiddles.—*Evirpac, in the Dramatic Mirror.*

Mr. Frank Sargent of the Lyceum school said once in speaking of the dramatic profession and its advantages for women: "Knowing what I do of stage life and its requirements, I would never consent to a daughter or sister of mine going upon the stage unless she gave evidences of such rare genius that no other life were possible for her. An actress sacrifices to her profession all that is best and dearest to a woman's heart, meets with countless disappointments, receives adverse criticism in return for her most conscientious efforts, suffers much from unjust favoritism of managers and unreasonable jealousy of associates, and if through any mischance her health fail, her capital stock is gone."

But the general impression prevails, not only among stagestruck girls, but people of more mature judgment, that an actress' life is one of constant variety and pleasurable excitement, totally devoid of the cares which fall to the lot of common humanity and overflowing with the adulation which man love. All of which may be true of the "extras" and "coryphees" in the ballet, who stand about on the stage in startling gorgeousness at night, and promenade Broadway in a kaleidoscopic array the next day. But the successful woman on the stage to-day works harder than the average shop girl, with a seriousness, conscientiousness and nervous anxiety concerning her work that if exercised by teachers and preachers and spiritual advisers in general would evangelize the world. She lives on applause, dies if deprived of sympathy, and wouldn't leave the stage, with all its hardships and pitfalls, to be crowned queen of the world and empress of the nations.

Miss Jansen says the greatest hardship of all is always to smile and be sweet, no matter how the critics have roasted her and the audience sat dumb and unsympathetic. Mancla complains most of the nervous strain arising from anxiety to please. Fox objects to the traveling and Rice to the rehearsing. Mrs. Kendal found it hardest to adhere to the program me, for on certain nights one feels so much more like playing a gay part when all has gone well, or a sad part when sorrows have come or she spell is on, for, of course, with the depravity of things inanimate, you find yourself booked for a gay part when your heart is broken, and vice versa. Miss Georgia Cayvan finds it irksome to be always expected to look sweet and be saintly every night, and would like a role with just a dash of wickedness in it. The Canino prima donna, who is just now working more enthusiastically and seriously than Patti herself, says the hardest thing she encounters is simply to say No.

"So you see," concluded the pretty woman on the divan, "the high lights in the picture the world sees have their corresponding shadows; but still somehow there is a fascination and a charm despite them all. Given a gift of any kind, and there is no joy so great as the manifestation and expression of it. What song is to the nightingale, flight is to the bird, speed is to the fawn, acting is to the real actress. It is life itself; and something vital seems to be dying within us when we give it up."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Canadian Sunrise.

From "Mr. Smith's" Essay on Canada, its People, Soil and Institutions.

"But, after all, is there nothing worth describing in Canada? Yes, the dress she wears, and I presume this will interest the ladies. Canadian scenery! I speak not now of the Rockies whose snow-clad heights tinted with the rosy glories of the morning sun are like opals in the settings of emerald expanses below; I speak not of the wondrous prairies of the North-west which like a great broad page set for the fair record of a mighty race yet to be I have never seen. Listen—If there is anything fairer in this world than the wondrous changes of a passing summer's day on a Canadian farm I hope to be spared to see it. A morning in June. The air is redolent with the breath of new-blown universal vegetation; its freshness and sweetness are first inhaled with a sense of exaltation and strength. It is before sunrise. Away to the east over that clump of woods a fringe of creamy light is lining the edge of the horizon. Its brightness is scarce sufficient to dim the lustre of that orb we call the "morning star," whose tremblling radiance, hanging like a jewel in the ear of morn seems to indicate that she has heard the whisper of the winds saying that the sun will rise. Faint streaks of purple on a duller background of grey are the wrap and woof on which the glorious threads of a Canadian sunrise are soon to be woven. Another five minutes and morn's rosy fingers are sliding rubies along the lines of the sky amid flashes of golden flame. Surely it is the work of a magician; the colors come and go; they flash vividly and almost imperceptibly die away. For a few short moments the divine possibilities of Canadian atmosphere appear. The whole sky is aflame with tints I cannot name. They are indeed colors from the divine paleete 'whose handiwork is in the heavens.' Beautiful, ever beautiful, fleecy, wavy lines and flashes of amber, amethyst and gold are bound with royal threads of purple till the majestic venture of old Sol is ready. We have not long to wait; his approach is near. An arc of dull gold is pushed above the hazy crest of the woods, shafts of golden light pierce the heavens upward to the zenith, the 'gates of day' are thrown wide open and arrayed in his glorious robes the king of light begins his royal progress across the sky. It is nature's awakening-all, except the feathered creatures whose sweet wood notes warbled since the first faint streaks of dawn have been an incessant chorus—a morning hymn to the Creator. A light breeze springs up, revealing in its shivering path the dew-drops glinting in the grass. Elsewhere there is life. After what you have seen there is nothing common or unclean in Canadian farm life." MR. SMITH.

Mr. Murphy's Presence of Mind.

An Old Country dry goods clerk told me this story the other day: When I was serving behind the counter in a London dry goods store some years ago they made a rule of discharging any new clerk who missed three sales in succession. After a salesman's third failure to sell, the floor-walker would ask him to step to the office and get his pay as they had no further use for him. A witty Irishman named Murphy, fresh from his native sod, came in and stood next to me at the counter. Tim failed to sell his first two customers; he was aware that his next failure meant "the bounce;" he exerted himself to the utmost to effect a sale with his third customer but failed. The floor-walker had his eye on poor Murphy. As the customer was preparing to leave the counter, he said, "Madam, you see the gentleman walking around near the door, well he has been very rude to several ladies this morning because they didn't buy anything. He's been drinking, if he should spake to you as you pass don't notice him, get out as quick as you can, he's very ugly this mornin'."

As the lady approached the door the floor-walker came up with a winning smile to ask if she got served; before the words were out of his lips, she looked him full in the face and rushed out into the street. The shopwalker followed to ask what was wrong, but she was lost in the crowd. He came up to Tim and said:

"Mr. Murphy, what is the matter with the lady you were serving just now?"

"Well, sur," said Tim, "I don't like to say anything, but I think the poor woman has escaped from the asylum. She's crazy, I'm sure of that."

"She must be crazy from the way she acted when I spoke to her," said the walker.

Tim turned to me and whispered: "Begorra, that was a close shave and no mistake. I hope I won't get any more lunatics to-day or my name will be Dinnis, sure."

TOM SWALWELL.

Varsity Chat.

The baseball boys are taking a great big laugh to themselves over the game with St. Mike's. They had been accused of playing all winter on paper and funking in the spring, and even contemptuously referred to as globe-trotters; but it seems they have a turn of speed left in them for home consumption, even without Harry Wardell.

Much satisfaction is expressed over the decision of the senate to comply, if possible, with the petition of the graduating class, by holding the degree-conferring exercises in the quadrangle, or somewhere near the destroyed building. We should be sorry to see those exercises gone through in some unhallowed place.

The class of '80 made widely known its organic existence by holding a dinner the other evening down town. The class organization idea is taking deep root it would seem. On the same evening '89 held their one year after graduation meeting at Webb's. Mr. Harry Cody, B.A., presided. His successor for the next two years is Mr. J. H. Moss, B.A.

To-day the exams. are concluded and all Varsitydom is indulging in a huge protracted roll on the grass, so to speak, except the examiners (who have papers to value) and they of course deserve no rest. Results must be known by the 10th, as commencement takes place that day. But surely the crack of doom will be heard before the news of anyone being plucked—just listen to the dull thud of that word, plucked. NEMO.

Puffing.

This excellent paragraph is in the current number of the *Writer*, in a page of Advice to a Literary Aspirant:

"If your story or poem makes a successful sensation, it may cause the papers to talk of you, and that you cannot help; but if you cause the papers to talk, it will never make your story or poem a success, and can only cast a reflection on your good sense and good breeding. If the "literary aspirant" would only remember this and act upon it, it would be a good thing for him or her. A newspaper success is not a real success. If you happen to belong to the Pegasus Club, which is largely composed of journalists, and if you are a pretty good fellow and—like Colonel Sellers—"know the newspaper boys," you will find your name constantly appearing in print. Indeed, you will read so much about your genius that you will wonder why the publishers are so slow to accept your manuscripts, and why the public which has seen so much in the papers about your 'cosy little flat,' your 'bric-a-brac,' and your manner of working, is so slow to buy your books. The reason for this apparent want of appreciation on the part of the publisher and the public, is that your success is only that of 'puffing.' Your work has no real merit, or your name would never be seen in print if you were not on such good terms with the amiable but indiscriminating young men who fill the columns of the daily papers."

Feminine Names.

The *Boston Transcript's* gossiper suggests that the fashion in women's names changes every ten or fifteen years. For instance, he says, the Nancy epoch occurred early in the present century. Then came the Martha Ann, Mary Jane and Ann Eliza epochs in the order named, the Mary Jane epoch dominating the most two. The Lucy epoch began about 1835, after which came the Helen, the Ida and the Ella epochs. After these, Edith, Maud and Mabel reigned until they were displaced by the brood of names to which the affix "le" can be attached, which are now the vogue.

It Had Done Good Service.

Lady (to applicant for position as domestic)—My goodness! This reference is signed by Mrs. Upton.

Applicant—Yes, mum, she signed it herself, mum, after I'd been there a week, mum.

"But Mrs. Upton has been dead for five years."

"Is that so? Well! well! It's one place after another I've been gettin' on that character for seven years an' never heard before that the poor leddy was dead. Heaven rest her soul!"

A May-Day.

For Saturday Night.

I

This morning's sunrise crimsoned all the East,
And then—prophetic of a rainy day—
Phœbus did vanish 'neath the sombre clouds,
And, save one luminous spot, the sky is grey.

The tulips and the regal hyacinths,
Impatient, toss and long for sunlight kind;
The young leaves shiver, yearning to creep back
Into the parent wood, from the bleak wind.

II.

At noon, the wind-swept earth remains still dry;
The weathercock discordantly does sing
Under the breezy gusts; a few rain drops
Come, beaten fine, upon the east wind's wing.

The tiny chicks, but three days from the shell,
Cuddle against the ruffled mother breast;
The air grows warmer and the steady rain
Falls on the rippling wheatfields, emerald dressed.

III.

Late in the afternoon, a rift appears
In the west sky, and Phœbus once more seen,
But now with silvery rays, shows us each hyacinth,
With a teardrop in its center, opaline;
A pollen-dusted, saffron pool we see,
Betwixt the flaming tulip's half closed lips;
A bird, half butterfly, with humming wings
Imbibes the nectar in short, dainty sips.

The kitchen garden's crinkled currant leaves
Give forth a soft and fruity odor sweet,
And now the grass doth show, in deeper green,
The impress of two small and dainty feet;
The flowers look fairer, Phœbus shines more bright,
When shining on the tall and beauteous maid,
Who now comes forth to care for those poor flowers,
That wind and rain have to the damp earth laid.

IV.

The sun shines for an hour, then he sinks,
Leaving o'erhead the same grey, cloudy pall,
The frogs are whistling weirdly in the pools,
And toon a darkness thick envelope all.

H. W. C.

Toronto, May 19, 1890.

The Parable of Happiness.

A rich man's godly son did go
Afar to find true happiness.
He tracked the treasures of the snow,
And Indus tracked. The stormy stress
Of hill-set seas, the peace of palm-set plain
He searched and eager searched; yet searched in vain.

The hundred battered battle gates
Of Thebes, the storied temple door
Of Delphi, oracle of fates
Or sacred shrine or holy store
Of healing things he saw; yet day by day
Grew care upon him like a mantle gray.

Still had he honors oft, and great,
For goodly was his heart and keen
His wit and generous his state,
And much his eager eyes had seen.
Yet happiness came not; and over all
His ways and days there ever lay a pall.

And he grew fretted; came to feel
That fate had hounded him; he said:
"Ah, cursed of God!" His heart grew steel
And sought not bliss—nor bliss sought him.
At last, outworn, he turned him, with a sigh,
To seek his childhood's home and cheerless die.

And there he sat him, all apart,
A moody, selfish, sullen thing . . .
Yes, God had given him a heart
Far back. But he had sought to bring
True happiness unto himself alone;
So God instead had given him a stone.

One day a child passed where he sat
'Mid his ancestral wood and moaned.
The barefoot thing did start thereat
And starting, fell. He grudging groaned
Some selfish word, the while he stooped and bore
The bleeding waif to his own stately door.

And oh, the rising sun he knew
That day, and all his after days!
His pent soul widened till it grew
To reach, as reach the dear sun's rays,
All things that lay about, before;
Nor waked he out for happiness once more.

JOAQUIN MILLER in *The Independent.*

Why I Love Her.

Why do I love her? I do not kn. w.
For her lustrous skin, like the dimpled snow,
Blushing beneath the sunset glow?
That's not the reason why.

For her soft blue eyes, that now answer mine
With a languishing love-light, now sparkling shine
With laughter, now flash with a fire divine?
That's not the reason why.

For her ripe, red lips that part and close
Over teeth of pearl and a breath of rose?
For the peach-pink tint on her cheek that glows?
That's not the reason why.

For her figure instinct with living grace,
Like the slender pines of her native place,
Adorned with her own exquisite taste?
That's not the reason why.

For her hair of the harvest shot with gold?
For the soft little hands that mine enfold?
For her wit or wisdom? It cannot be told
What is the reason why.

But I know that I love her. Her face to me
Is more beautiful far than any I see.
Her voice is the loveliest melody.
What is the reason why?

Around her breathe odors of perfume rare.
On her lips dwells an extasis beyond compare.
Her touch gives a thrill I can hardly bear.
What is the reason why?

By her presence and absence alternate I'm slain.
Calm reason condemns my passionate pain,
But appeals to the reason and all in vain.
Love has no reason why. *N.Y. Mercury.*

After the Ball.

Amid the merry dancers
My face is blithe and bright,
And in the waltz or lancers,
My feet are lithe and light.
He frowns to see me laughing
Amid the joyous crew,
And thinks I do not love him—
Ah, if he only knew!

He deems a woman's passion
The art of a coquette,
And vows that nought but fashion
My heart hath stirred as yet.
He only sees the actress
Before the play is through:
Alas! behind the curtain—
Ah, if he only knew!

Must women e'er be wearing
The heart upon the sleeve,
A mark for idle staring
That lovers may believe?
I am not cold, nor fickle,
Forgetful nor untrue:
I love him—I adore him—
Ah, if he only knew!

Noted People.

Belva Lockwood sees no reason why a woman may not be President.

Mme. Rosa Kirschbaum is the first woman physician admitted to practise medicine in Austria.

Sir Frederick Leighton has a glass studio for winter work. He thus gets four months more work done in a year.

The Emperor of Austria's younger daughter, the Archduchess Valerie, is to be married at Ischl on the 31st of July.

The public executioneer in England, James Barry, has written a book entitled Men and Women I Have Executed.

Henrik Ibsen the dramatist is not of purely Scandinavian descent, but counts among his ancestors Germans and Scots.

M. Hubert Leonard, the celebrated Belgian violinist, died last week at his residence in Paris, after nine days' illness.

Miss Florence Nightingale has just completed her 70th year, and her sister, the wife of Sir Harry Verney, has just died.

James McGregor Allan, an English writer, has written a book denouncing woman suffrage. He says she would lose infinitely more than she could gain.

Charlotte Yonge, the English authoress, says that she considers Louisa Alcott's books the best that have ever been written in this country for young people.

Prince Leopold and his brother, the grand duke of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, have quarreled because the august brother recommended the former to marry an heiress.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, youngest sister of the ex-president, is making an extensive tour through the Southern States, and intends to use her observations in a literary way.

For the first time a woman, Mademoiselle Palbotier, has presented herself for the teachers' examination at the Oriental Academy in Paris. She has passed the examinations in Persian and in Turkish.

Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, who took command of the Shannon when Captain Broke was disabled in the famous action with the Chesapeake, is still living in England, and on April 12 next will be one hundred years old.

The "longest beard on earth" belongs to an American, one Philip Henson, who is of Scottish origin. The beard is of a yellow golden color, and is now seven feet long, a foot longer than the gentleman who walks behind.

Edna Lyall, the novelist—whose real name is Ada Ellen Bayly—resides at Eastbourne. She thinks of visiting the United States. She has found material for stories in Italy and France, and is now anxious to have an American background for a novel.

N. M. Fullerton, a Harvard man of the class of '86 and formerly literary critic on the Boston *Advertiser*, has been appointed an editorial writer on the London *Times*, and now occupies a desk in the office of the Thunderer, although the thunder is not quite so formidable as it was a quarter of a century ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Higgins of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Roth of New York, all well-known Americans, were present at a reception and soiree musicale given by Munkacsy, the painter, recently, in honor of King Milan. The American millionaire is a sincere admirer of the works of the famous artist.

The Prince of Wales is a proficient typewriter. The inventor of one of these machines, an American, presented the Prince with one, and his Royal Highness was so pleased with it that he not only learned how to use it himself, but desired his secretaries to do so, a practice they have continued ever since, to the exclusion of the pen.

Domenico Cappeletto, a journalist of Padua, Italy, sent his newspaper an account of his own suicide and then shut himself in a room, lighted a charcoal fire, and underwent asphyxiation. In a foot-note, he advised the editor to print one hundred extra copies, as he thought there would be an unusual demand for the paper on account of his death.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters do not go to their tailors and dressmakers to be fitted. The fitters attend at Marlborough House by appointment. The young princesses never decide on any dress without seeing sketches, and as to fit, they invariably seek the opinion of an old nurse, who is now promoted to be the overlooker of their wardrobes. They are very fond of this old woman, and often defer to her opinion when it is in opposition to their own.

Miss Mary Louisa Boyle, who was an intimate friend of Landor, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, James Russell Lowell, and G. P. R. James, and who herself did much literary work, died recently in London in her eightieth year. Her companionship with Dickens, in particular, was at one time almost that of a sister with a brother, and she could almost be called a member of the family of Tennyson, who, in his last volume, dedicated an important poem to her.

William Dean Howells lives in an apartment house in Boston. Mr. Howells is devoted to out-of-door rambles amid the pleasant suburbs, and to long walks through the crooked streets of the old part of the city. Mrs. Howells has great talent for painting. Since the death of their eldest daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Howells live quite a retired life. A charming coterie, however, of personal and literary friends have made Boston attractive and pleasant for the novelist and his family.

The Duchess of Marlborough strayed into the labyrinth of the fateful Interviewer while in New York. But she appears to have safely found her way out by the clever cue of equally praising her own countrymen and those of her ducal connection; in fact, "nothing extenuating and naught setting down in malice." For instance, she praised the distinctive beauty of both English and American women. She ascribed it to the sunny skies enjoyed on one side and to the mist and fogs on the other. With matronly modesty she declined to talk about Home Rule.

I think it will be conceded by all who see it, that the exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists this year is distinctly in advance of the one held in the Canadian Institute Building last year. There are more pictures and they are hung in much better shape. The average of quality is much higher than it was in last year's collection. Landscape pictures, of course, largely predominate as they must in this country for some time to come. The great number of these and the lack of individuality they present to the average onlooker, makes the exhibition seem a series of repetitions to the person who does not take time to look at the pictures somewhat critically. What may seem a vast difference to the eye accustomed to study pictures may not be perceptible to the general observer. Figure subjects invariably appeal to the spectator, no matter what his or her stage of art intelligence may be. A child's attention is at once arrested by a figure subject where perfect gems of landscape art are passed unheeded. The one is the result of spontaneous interest, whereas the other is to a large extent cultivated. This, however, does not argue anything against the latter branch of art, which has possibilities beyond the powers of the best artists. It is gratifying, however, to observe a seemingly vigorous movement in the direction of figure painting. The pictures shown this year in this department, though not beyond criticism by any means, indicate a firm and decided step in advance. When it is considered that their originators are all young and barely out of the first principles, the outlook for art in this country might be darker than it is. Encouraging signs, to my mind, are the absence of much of the "buncombe" we used to hear talked in former times, whenever art was the theme of discourse and a growing belief in the efficacy of honest work and study to produce good results. Art is still in swaddling clothes here, but it appears to be developing into a healthy and promising infant.

In the water-color department, which is first on the catalogue, the work is all landscape, with the exception of two or three pieces. The honor of the best work in this department belongs, without question, to Mr. J. A. Fraser. He is represented by about a dozen pictures, all of which exhibit the most perfect mastery of his medium. His coloring is most brilliant, and is put in with a boldness and dash that few can successfully imitate. Numbers 5 and 6, In Scented Summer and Through the Hay are perfect gems of color and treatment. The character of country, trees and other details are brought out with a few dashing strokes which are at once the admiration and despair of those who would imitate him. So brilliant is his coloring that it keeps down the tone of a number of excellent pictures hung near. I scarcely think any better examples of the possibilities of water colors than Mr. Fraser's collection were ever exhibited in Toronto.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien is represented this year by a number of subjects different from those we have been accustomed to see from his brush. He shows eleven water colors of scenery in the south of England, many of which are strongly and artistically treated, and all of which have the charm of novelty of subject. They are a change from the cloud-capped, purple-tinted and fir-clad Rocky Mountain views, which had been his chief subjects for some years past. Mr. O'Brien has shown us that he is as good, and even better I think, in other fields. His Western Breeze and Views at St. Ives are vigorous and well-handled specimens of water painting. His Clovelly (10) is boldly treated and interesting, as is his Norman Stairway (39). A number of his pictures show evidences of being overworked, being somewhat lacking in crispness.

The Rocky Mountain scenery supply is well kept up this year by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith and Mr. M. Matthews, both of whom have a large number of pictures hung, and nearly all from that source. Mr. Bell-Smith's Dulse Gatherers (9), a bit of misty sea-coast with the tide out, will appeal to many. This is almost duplicated in his larger oil painting of the same subject. Ross Peak (47) is a strong bit of mountain scenery. Mr. Matthews' Shadowed Valley, Selkirks, represents one of the surprises in which the scenery of the Rockies abounds. The coloring is almost startling in its transitions and might well be doubted did it come from any other place than where nature's scheme of color is prepared on the grandest and most majestic scale. His Source of the Illicilwaet, though somewhat wooly, is a striking picture. Mr. Matthews also shows some local subjects in which his treatment of foliage is particularly good.

Mr. C. M. Manley shows several capital bits of crisp coloring, notably his St. Joseph, Quebec and the Waning of the Year. A number of excellent productions from the brush of Mr. F. McG. Knowles are as full of promise as any others in the rooms. His work is spirited and his coloring brilliant, though its fidelity might be questioned in some instances. His Daybreak, Philadelphia Harbor (101) with its transparent sky surmounting a dark cloud is particularly good. Mr. W. D. Blatchley is best seen in (24) Now Came Still Evening On, which is good both in composition and treatment. Mr. T. M. Martin's Eve in Muskoka (45) is a skilful bit of pleasing landscape. Mr. G. Bruenech's work is principally foreign, and though excellent in composition lacks color and breadth of treatment. Some clever bits of local scenery around the Island, the Humber and Muskoka are shown by Mr. J. T. Rolph. Mr. Revell shows some small pictures cleverly drawn though somewhat lacking in color. His Bit on the Humber is a pleasing composition. Mr. R. F. Gagen is more successful in his tropical views than in his flower subjects. His Hannaford's Below the Whirlpool is rather muddy in coloring. Mr. D. Fowler's Warm Afternoon in September (75) seems to me the best he has on exhibition this year. Val Anasaca is the title of a small Swiss scene by C. J. Way, the only one of his shown this year. Mr. T. H. Wilkinson has a poor view of Trinity College. Mrs. Frances Payne has several clever studies hung. Mr. J. A. Radford might give us less color and a little more drawing in his sketch labelled Hotel Dieu, Montreal. A. P. Coleman's Morning at the Landing Place (4) has its good points.

On coming to the department of oil paintings the attention is at once arrested by Mr. G. A. Reid's diploma picture, Mortgaging the Homestead, which occupies the place of honor at the head of the room. This fine picture, the most ambitious effort Mr Reid has yet made, is certainly the center of attraction for all who go to this exhibition. As it has already been described in these columns it will suffice to say that Mr. Reid has undertaken a rather difficult subject and has succeeded in portraying it with much more than an average degree of success. I am pleased to see that Mr. Reid has not been carried away by French enthusiasm and does not run to wooden-shod peasants, etc. The types he has given us in this picture and also in The Other Side of the Question (231) are well known to all Canadians. The Other Side of the Question, which represents a party of old men in the midst of an argument, is likely to be a more congenial picture to most people than the larger one, but in point of feeling and impressiveness they do not compare. Besides his larger pictures Mr. Reid has on exhibition an excellent portrait of Mr. S. M. Jones (161), a beautiful study of a head, Leonie (167) as well as some less important studies.

Mr. T. Mower Martin exhibits a large number of oils, including landscape and pictures of game. Of these, In the Enemy's Country (164) and Twilight in Rosedale (214) seem most worthy of attention. The latter is a particularly pleasing effect of low tones, representing a dusky twilight. In his Rosedale Creek the coloring is garish and crude, especially in the light.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster exhibits The Rival Schools, of which an engraving was published in SATURDAY NIGHT a few weeks ago. The chief objections to this picture are the overcrowding of the canvas with figures and a lack of depth, which huddles the figures together in such a way as to produce a confused idea in the spectator's mind. The drawing of some of the figures lacks firmness. It cannot be admitted that Mr. Forster has succeeded in his idea for this picture. Mr. Forster has a couple of capital studies of heads in 130 and 137.

Mr. F. A. Verner has a few good animal paintings on the line. His work lacks breadth and vigor, but his drawing is very clever, particularly in 138. His Buffalo (145) is rather wooly and lacks bones and muscle. The picture by J. C. Forbes (139) cannot be pronounced a success. The chromo-litho smoothness of treatment deprives it of all character. His peaches and basket (171) are beautiful specimens of fruit painting. He also shows some good small landscapes. A Scottish Borderer by Mr. P. G. Wickson is a clever bit of painting, though the choice of a model can scarcely be commended. The individual represented is scarcely an ideal warrior of the Borders. Mrs. G. A. Reid exhibits some beautiful specimens of flower painting in 148 and 176. The Old Missal (180) is excellently treated, and Before Communion (225) displays some good work, particularly in the building.

Mr. J. C. Pinhey does not win much commendation for his Legend of the Ottawa River (156). The artist has attempted a daring subject and has fallen short in the realization. Why the wooly-looking water does not show on the Indians in the foreground is not quite clear. It is certainly high enough. Mr. W. A. Sherwood has pulled up well in his work during the past year, and makes an excellent showing in his two portraits of Rev. Dr. Scadding and Mr. Beaty, his Artist at Work, and a couple of dog's heads. Mrs. M. E. Dignam shows some of her beautiful flower and plant paintings, which would be immeasurably improved if she would paint out the poorly-drawn figures, which spoil them. Her plants and flowers are treated vigorously and with an excellent appreciation of color values. Mr. A. Cox shows some Scottish landscape, Mr. W. Cutts, a portrait of himself, which is rather feeble. Miss M. McConnell is a comparatively new name on the walls of this exhibition, but her work shows no lack of familiarity with the brush. A portrait by her (229) is excellently painted and Learning a New Piece (155) is a very clever study. A beautiful study of green and yellow is shown in Miss Sydney Tully's portrait of Miss Dumoulin (215), Miss Tully also exhibits another study and portrait painted in her usual vigorous manner. Miss E. May Martin has a clever study of hepaticas. Mr. Carl Ahrens' most important picture, The Day is Done (194), is a French-looking subject of a single figure on a beach with a waste of misty water as a background. It shows promise of better things. Among the younger men Mr. F. S. Challener makes an excellent showing. His Part of an Old Mansion (182) is a capital thing. Mr. F. L. Foster shows a picture entitled Reflections on the Humber which is true to its title. Mr. Homer Watson is represented by eight landscapes in oil including one which was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year. They are painted in Mr. Watson's usual deep blue style of coloring and vigorous brush work. A Gleam in the Lane (203) is a remarkably powerful production. The Village by the Sea (234) is perhaps the most striking picture in Mr. Watson's collection. His Scottish Cattle might be mistaken for sheep but as they are not much more than accessories in the landscape one does not expect much more. Mr. Watson's pictures of Nassau, Bahama Islands, are better treated in their coloring than in drawing, which is very much open to objection. Mr. W. Reford also shows a picture of Bahama life which is very creditable. Mr. M. Matthews' Below the Whirlpool is rather muddy in coloring. Mr. D. Fowler's Warm Afternoon in September (75) seems to me the best he has on exhibition this year. Val Anasaca is the title of a small Swiss scene by C. J. Way, the only one of his shown this year. Mr. T. H. Wilkinson has a poor view of Trinity College. Mrs. Frances Payne has several clever studies hung. Mr. J. A. Radford might give us less color and a little more drawing in his sketch labelled Hotel Dieu, Montreal. A. P. Coleman's Morning at the Landing Place (4) has its good points.

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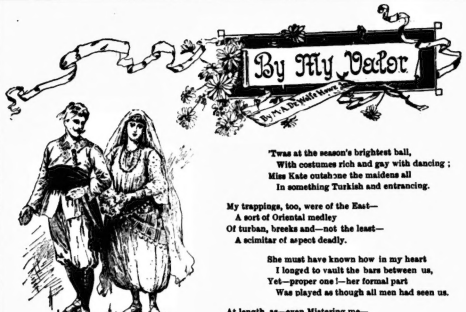
Miss Boultbee shows a couple of portraits. Some good designs are shown by Mr. A. H. Howard. Other exhibitors are James Griffiths, James Smith, S. F. Langford, D. Dingman, R. L. Christie, Charlotte Boswell, Gustave Hahn.

Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy exhibits a full size model of his statue of the late Col. Williams, also busts of the late Prof. Young, Hon. Edward Blake and Mr. R. S. Williams. Mr. F. A. T. Dunbar shows a good bust of Col. Gzowski. A bust of Hon. Joseph Howe and a statuette, The Messenger of Love, are exhibited by Mr. Gilbert Frith.

VAN.



'Twas at the season's brightest ball,
With costumes rich and gay with dancing;
Miss Kate outshone the maidens all
In something Turkish and entrancing.

My trappings, too, were of the East—
A sort of Oriental medley
Of turban, breeks and—not the least—
A scimitar of aspect deadly.

She must have known how in my heart
I longed to vault the bars between us,
Yet—proper one!—her formal part
Was played as though all men had seen us.

At length, as—even Mistering me—
She asked to take my weapon trusty,
"Come, draw that queer old thing," said she,
And gently touched the scabbard rusty.

But, bless me, what a piece of work!
How could I hide my finger's bleeding?

"Oh, Jack, you've cut yourself!" she cried.
From her!—my name—without a handle!
A blush—self mastery—naught beside;—
But, blade, our game was worth the candle.

And, never handy with the blade,
But all too glad of slightest labor
For her sweet sake, I straight essayed
With valiant mien to bare the saber.

It would not come! I tugged and strained
Choked expletives within me burning;
True to its sheath the steel remained;—
But long the lane without a turning!

At last it budged—another jerk—
Success! And with it pride exceeding;

Yes, later, Kate let slip the chance
To say she'd always be my sister;
Still just as sweet at home and dance
She now calls other fellows Mister.

—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A Soliloquy in the Rain.

RAINING again! How detestable! Mother said it would, and I wouldn't believe her. Consequently I must look forward to a lecture. No umbrella, no rubbers, no car in sight, no hope of saving the lace on my new skirts! And this is the first day that has really looked like spring! Is is just my luck! I suppose I deserve it. I ought not to have rejected Tom last night. After all he loves me better than any of the other handsomer fellows, and he is rich, too. But he is too proud. Why didn't he ask me again? None of the others would have stopped at a mere commonplace 'no.' A rejection would merely have interested them. They are not *fools!* No; in fact, I don't even believe any of them would propose. If he had only given me a chance I would—but the great idiot was too much in love. He simply bowed and walked out, with a look on his face that will haunt me as long as I live. Poor fellow! He has been at my feet for two years, and I have never even given him a smile. I suppose it took all the courage he has been able to muster up in the last three months for him even to propose in the bashful way he did. How delightful it was to refuse him! He, the rich son of a line of aristocrats, prouder than a prince, though more diffident than a peasant, entering my presence like a slave coming to execution! He could hardly speak at first, and his face was as white as a sheet. Then he commenced, 'Miss Helen,'—the idea of calling me Miss Helen; all the boys call me Nell—'I came to ask you to marry me. I know there is no need of my telling you that I love you. You know it only too well. Will you?' Would I? Why, of course I would if he had only asked me in a sensible way. That is, if he had not asked me at all. Just turned the light down a little, without saying a word, looked bad (which, by the way, Tom couldn't do to save his neck), walked up and put his arms around my waist, held me tight when I struggled, slipped a ring on my finger, kissed me, and asked me when we would be married, and what church I preferred, there would have been some sense in that. That is precisely what most of the boys of our set would have done—only they wouldn't. But the poor boy simply gave it up—the innocent! And here I am, with another lost opportunity, a new hat ruined, a new dress ruined, a sack almost ruined, and everything else just about the same.

"Gracious! here he is within twenty feet of me, and looking at me as though he was going to cut me. What will he do? What shall I do? Ah, thank Heaven! Yes, Tom, it's awfully good of you, and I fear I am taking you very much out of your way! You wouldn't care how far out of the way I took you? Oh, Tom, do you mean it? Now never mind a carriage. Nonsense! well, if you insist. You ought not to have taken me in earnest last night. Now don't be too delighted, or people will notice it. You must not kiss me in the carriage, either. What! You would not think of kissing me in a carriage? Well, Tom, it will do just as well when we get into the parlor at home. Tell the coachman to hurry up."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

The Effect of Realism.

Raphael Daub—In this storm at sea I have attempted to get as close to nature as possible, and I flatter myself that I have achieved a very realistic effect.

Sensitive Connoisseur—Yes, I feel sick every time I look at it.

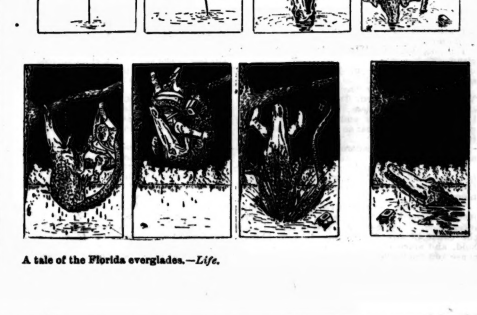
Books and Magazines.

The question of hours of labor is discussed by General Walker in the *Atlantic* for June. General Walker has made social questions a study, and his criticisms and suggestions on the present Eight-Hour Law Agitation come from a man more fully fitted to speak with authority than almost any one in the United States. Charles Dudley Warner's article on The Novel and the Common School, is a keen analysis of the duty of the public schools in the supply of reading for young citizens. This and Hannis Taylor's consideration of The National House of Representatives: Its Growing Inefficiency as a Legislative Body, are the two articles which make up the solid reading of the number. Miss Repplier has a whimsical paper called A Short Defence of Villains; and Dr. Holmes discusses Book-hunger, the uses of cranks, and tells a curious story, entitled The Terrible Clock.

Scribner's Magazine for June is a Stanley number, containing the only article which he will contribute to any periodical, and the first authoritative word from him on many of the most important features of his great expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. This article fills thirty-two pages of the issue, and is a most graphic and exciting narrative from first to last. Stanley reviews the work of his officers, and plainly but charitably criticises the conduct of the rear guard. He explains fully Emin Pasha's attitude, and speaks vigorously on the whole question of slavery in Africa and its extirpation. The article is beautifully illustrated. The rest of the number is well up to the usual high standard of this popular magazine.

Mr. Alexander C. Stewart of Toronto has just published a small volume of poems and songs, which are not likely to create a widespread sensation. The writer is evidently one of the many who have drawn their inspiration from Burns, Shelley, Byron and other poets rather than from nature. His footsteps are easily followed through the gardens of their works. In some instances, however, he has produced very creditable verse, but scarcely worthy of more than ephemeral fame.

Unsuccessful Strategy.



A tale of the Florida everglades.—*Life.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

He drew her to his breast again, and lifting her sweet face to his, he touched her lips with a fond and reverent betrothal kiss.

"Humph! Pray, Miss Violet, allow me to inquire how long you have been posing for this interesting tableau!"

This question, in the gruff sarcastic tones of Wilhelm Mencke, burst upon the lovers like an unexpected thunder-clap, and startling to her feet, Violet turned to find her sister's husband standing not six feet from her.

Mrs. Mencke seemed rooted just inside the doorway, apparently too paralyzed by the scene which she had just witnessed to utter a word, while there was an indescribable expression of anger and disgust upon her handsome face.

For a moment Violet was so astonished and confused she could not utter a word; then, with that slight uplifting of her fair head which those who knew her best understood to indicate a gathering of all the force of her will, she quietly remarked, though a burning flush mounted to her brow:

"Ah, Wilhelm! I thought you and Belle had gone out for the evening."

"No doubt; and you had planned to enjoy yourself in your own way, it seems," sneered the angry master of the house, as he glared savagely at Wallace, who now arose and advanced to Violet's side.

"Stop, if you please, Wilhelm," the young girl said, as he seemed about to go on, and her clear tones rang out warningly. "When you went out I had no thought of receiving any visitors; but of that I will speak with you later. Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Richardson. Mr. Richardson, my brother-in-law, Mr. Mencke; my sister you have already met."

Wallace bowed courteously, while he marveled at Violet's remarkable self-possession, but neither Mr. Mencke nor his wife acknowledged the introduction otherwise than by bestowing a malignant look upon him, and this slight aroused all Violet's spirit to arms.

"Friend!" repeated Mr. Mencke, "one would naturally judge from the touching scene just enacted that the young man sustained a much nearer relation to you.

"He does!" flashed out Violet, as she boldly faced both the intruders, and the wickedness of his consequences of the avowal; "he is my affianced husband."

"Violet!" almost screamed her sister, as she sprang forward and seized the young girl by the arm. "Are you crazy!

"Pardon me, madam," said Wallace, courteously, as he advanced toward the group, "and pray give me your attention for a moment while I explain what may seem an unpardonable intrusion, and for which I am wholly to blame."

"No," interrupted Violet, releasing herself from her sister's grasp, "I alone am responsible for what has occurred this evening. Mr. Richardson, in an unguarded moment, revealed to me the fact that he entertained an affection for me such as I have never known existed in my own heart for him. I responded to it—"

"Shameless girl!" ejaculated Mrs. Mencke, in an angry tone.

"No, Belle, I am not a shameless girl. I simply gave truthful expression to an attachment in return for a confession that gave me such happiness, and notwithstanding that Mr. Richardson told me he would not bind me by any promise until, as he expressed it, he should be in a suitable position to warrant him in asking my hand of you, I told him outright that any acknowledgment of affection was as binding with me as any promise."

"Mr. and Mrs. Mencke," Wallace now interposed, "I cannot allow your sister to assume the responsibility of all this, for it is really my place to shield her. I love her with all the strength of my nature, and I now formally ask you, as her guardians, to sanction the compact we have made this evening."

"Never!" emphatically retorted Mrs. Mencke, in her haughtiest tone.

"It is not worth while to discuss such an impossible proposition, and you will best suit us, young man, by making yourself scarce without more ado," supplemented Mr. Mencke, with a menacing air.

"Belle! Wilhelm!—do you call yourself a lady, a gentleman, and dare to insult a friend of mine in your own house?" cried Violet, quivering with indignation, her eyes glittering like coals of fire.

Mrs. Mencke began to realize that they were arousing a spirit which might be difficult to manage; consequently she deemed it advisable to adopt a different course.

"We have no wish to insult any one, Violet," she began, with dignity, but in a more conciliatory tone; "but of course we are very much astonished by such a decided avowal as you have just made, and you a mere child yet—"

"I believe you were married at eighteen, Belle; I shall be eighteen in two months," Violet quietly interrupted, but with a roguish gleam in her blue eyes.

Mrs. Mencke colored.

She had by no means forgotten the circumstances connected with her own marriage, which had been an elopement, because of a stern parent's objections to the man of her choice; though this fact was not known in the circle where she now moved.

"Well, you will not marry at eighteen," she answered, tartly.

"Perhaps not; indeed, I have no desire to, but, when I do, Mr. Richardson will be the man whom I shall marry, and I want the matter understood once for all," Violet returned, with a gravity which betrayed her unalterable determination.

"You had best put the child to bed, Belle, and I will show this young carpenter the way out," Mr. Mencke remarked, contemptuously, as if he really regarded Violet's assertion as simply the iteration of a wilful child.

Violet shot him a look that made him wince; then turning, she laid her hand upon Wallace's arm.

"It is a shame!" she said, with quivering lips. "I blush that relatives of mine can stoop to offer any one such indignity. Forgive me that I am powerless to help it."

"I have nothing to forgive and I have everything to honor you for, Violet; but it is best that I should go now, and we will settle this matter later," the young man replied, in a fond yet regretful tone.

It had been very hard to stand there and preserve his self-control; but for her sake he had borne all in silence.

"You will never give me up!" the young girl pleaded, her small fingers closing over his arm appealingly.

He took her hand in a strong yet gentle clasp.

"No, never, until you yourself ask it," he said, firmly.

"That I shall never do. Do you hear Belle, Wilhelm?" she cried, turning defiantly to them. "I have given Wallace my promise that I will be his wife, and he has said he will never give me up. Just so sure as I live I shall fulfil that promise."

Mrs. Mencke lost control of herself entirely at this.

"Violet Huntington!" she cried, white to her lips with rage, "you will at once retract that rash vow or this house is no longer your home."

"Mrs. Mencke, let me entreat that the subject be dropped for the present," Wallace here interposed. "Believe me, I shrink from being the cause of any disturbance in your house-hold, and since this union, which appears to cause you such uneasiness, cannot be consummated for some time yet, I beg that you will not distress your sister nor yourself by further threats."

"I will drop the subject when you both agree to cancel this foolish engagement. Give me your word of honor that you will never claim the fulfilment of Violet's rash promise to you, and I will drop the matter, and be glad to do so."

"I cannot promise you that," Wallace firmly replied, though he had grown very pale as he realized how determined they were to separate them. "I love your sister, and if she is of the same mind in the future, when I can feel justified in claiming her, I shall certainly make her my wife."

"And you know me well enough, Belle, to be sure that I shall not change—that I shall not retract one word that I have said to-night," Violet added, with no less firmness than her lover had manifested.

"I know that you are a rash and obstinate girl, but you will find that I can be just as resistless as yourself, and you will make me the promise I demand or this house can no longer be your home," Mrs. Mencke sternly retorted.

"I shall never make it," Violet reiterated, with white lips, while she looked up into her lover's face with such an expression of affection and trust that he longed to take her to his heart and bear her away at once from such unnatural guardianship.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I'LL BREAK HER WILL!"

Mr. Mencke here interposed. When his wife's temper was aroused she was liable to be rash and unreasonable. He thought if they could but get rid of Wallace they would perhaps coax Violet into a more pliable frame of mind.

He turned to the young man, and said, sternly:

"We have had enough of this for to-night, but I will confer with you later about this matter."

Wallace bowed a courteous, but dignified, assent to this broad hint to take his departure.

He bade Violet good-night in a low tone, tenderly pressing her hand before releasing it, then, after a polite bow to Mrs. Mencke, which she did not deign to notice, he walked with a firm, manly bearing from the house, bidding its master a gentlemanly good-evening at the door.

In spite of her rage against Violet and her poverty-stricken lover, Mrs. Mencke could not help admiring the latter's self-possessed exit, while she secretly confessed that "the fellow was uncommonly good-looking."

When the door had closed after him, she turned again to her sister.

"Violet, I am scandalized—" she began, when that young lady interrupted her.

"There is no need I assure you, Belle," she said, coldly. "I confess I would have preferred that you did not see us just as you did, but I have been guilty of nothing which should cause you to feel scandalized. We may as well understand each other first as last, and you may as well make up your mind to the inevitable. Even if I live, I shall marry Wallace Richardson. If I cannot do so legally until I am of age, I shall wait until then, and you know, Belle, when I take a stand like this, I mean it!"

With this parting shaft Violet with uplifted head and flashing eyes, swept deliberately from her sister's presence and up to her own room.

"The little vixen will do it, Belle, as sure as you live," remarked Wilhelm Mencke, who had returned to the drawing-room in season to catch the latter portion of Violet's remarks.

"She shall not!" cried Mrs. Mencke, angrily.

"Marry that low-born carpenter who has to labor with his hands for his daily bread! Never!"

"I do not see how you are going to help it; you know she has the grit of a dozen common women in that small body, and a will of iron," replied Mr. Mencke.

"Then I'll break her will! I came of a resolute stock too, and it will be Roman against Roman, with the advantage on my side. She shall never compromise herself, nor us, by any such mésalliance."

Mr. Mencke looked a trifle sheepish at this spirited speech. He could not forget, if his wife did, that some fourteen years previous he had been as badly off, if not worse, than this young carpenter. He had been a shorer in the employ of Miss Belle Huntington's father, and she had not felt that she was compromising herself or her parents by marrying him, and the wealthy pork-packer's daughter had run away with the man whom she loved.

"What will you do to prevent it?" he asked, after a few moments of awkward silence.

"The girl can marry him any day if she takes a notion; the will says we are to be the guardians of the property 'until she is twenty-one or marries.' It would make it rather awkward for me if she should, for her husband would have the right to manage her fortune, and—Belle, the deuce would be to pay if I should lose my hold on that money."

"What is the matter, Will?" demanded Mrs. Mencke, looking startled.

"Hum—nothing much, only—it is so mixed up with my own affairs it would cripple me to have to fork it over on short notice," Mr. Mencke replied, looking exceedingly glum.

"You may rest satisfied upon one point; you will never have to surrender it to that fellow," his wife returned decisively. "I will send Violet to a convent first, and she would be kept straight enough there."

"That is well thought of, Belle," said her husband, eagerly, his usually stolid face lighting up greatly. "It would never do, though, to send her to one here; suppose we get her off to Montreal, where there will be no one to interfere; we can keep her there as long as we like, and meantime I will make Cincinnati too hot to hold that youngster."

"We will do it, Will, and she shall stay there until she promises to give up this silly love affair."

"You are a very conscientious and affectionate sister, Belle," said her husband, with a sneering laugh. "I at do you suppose Eben Huntington would say to—

"Hush!" returned Mrs. Mencke, with an authoritative gesture, "that is a secret that must never be breathed aloud; but all things are fair in love and war, and to Montreal and into a convent Violet shall go without delay."

But if Mrs. Mencke could have caught a glimpse of the white, resolute face of her young sister, as she stood at that moment in her chamber, she would perhaps have felt not have felt quite so confident of her power to carry out her project.

Violet, after leaving Mrs. Mencke, intended to go at once to her room, but upon reaching the top of the stairs she remembered that she had left upon the piano, in the library, Wallace's letter, in a book that she had been reading.

Not wishing other eyes than her own to peruse it, she stole quietly down again to get it, and happened to pass the drawing-room door just as her sister made her threat to send her to a convent.

She had always had a horror of convent life, and though Mrs. Mencke had been educated at one, Violet would never consent to go to one, and had attended the public schools of the city, until she graduated from the high school, after which she spent a year at a noted institution in Columbus "to finish off."

She was greatly agitated as she listened to the conversation of her two guardians, and she wondered how they could scheme so against her. It was cruel, heartless.

There had never been open warfare between them before, though Violet had not always been as happy as young girls usually are. There was much about her home-life that was not congenial, but she was naturally gentle and affectionate, and, where principle was not at stake, she would yield a point rather than create dissension. Occasionally, however, there would arise a question of conscience, and then she had shown the "grit" and "will of iron" of which Mr. Mencke had spoken.

Mrs. Mencke arose as she made her last remark, and Violet, fearing to be found eavesdropping, sped noiselessly on into the library, where she secured her book and letter; then fleeing by a door opposite the one she had entered, and up a back staircase, she reached her own room without exciting the suspicion of any one that she had overheard the plot concerning her.

Locking herself in, she sat down at once and wrote all that she had overheard to Wallace, telling him that she should certainly grieve herself to death if she was immured in a convent, and asking him what she should do in this emergency.

She informed him that she should take a German lesson at three the next afternoon, and begged him to meet her in the pupils' reception-parlor of the institute, at four o'clock.

She was so wrought up that she could not sleep, and tossed restlessly most of the night, while she wondered why Belle and Wilhelm were so cruel to her, and what the secret was which Belle had referred; she had never, until then, been aware that there was anything mysterious connected with their family history.

She arose very early the next morning, and stole forth to post her letter, long before any of the household were astir, after which she crept back to bed and fell into a heavy, dreamless slumber, which lasted until late in the forenoon.

Wallace received Violet's letter by the morning post, and was greatly exercised over it.

At four o'clock precisely he entered the pupils' reception-room at the institute where Violet took German lessons, and was thankful to find no one there before him.

Presently Violet entered, looking pale and unhappy. She sprang toward her lover, and laid two small hot hands in his, while she lifted a pair of sad, appealing eyes to him.

"What shall I do, Wallace!" she cried, with quivering lips. "I will not go to Montreal, and yet I know they are determined to make me."

"Your sister or her husband has no right to insist upon your going into a convent, if you do not wish to do so," Wallace indignantly replied.

"But they are my guardians; I have no other home, no other friends; they have the care of my money and I have to go to them for everything I want. I do not expect they will tell me that they are going to take me to a convent unless I will submit to them—they are too wise for that; they will plan to get a journey way they are going to shut up the house, and I must of course go with them; then when they get to Montreal they will force me into a convent," Violet said, excitedly.

"I cannot believe that they would do anything so underhanded and dishonorable," said Wallace, greatly shocked.

"They will," Violet persisted, excitedly. "Belle said 'anything was fair in love and war,' and when she quote aroused, as she was last night, she stops at nothing. Then, too, she hinted at some secret, and I am greatly troubled over it."

"Violet," began Wallace, solemnly, as he bent to look into her face, while he held her hands in almost a painful clasp, "are you sure that you love me—that you will never regret the promise that you made me last night? You are very young, you have seen but little of the world, and a larger experience might cause you to change by-and-by."

Violet's delicate fingers closed over his spasmodically.

"Wallace, you are not sorry! Oh, do not tell me that you repented, and that I am to lose you," she pleaded, almost hysterically.

"My darling," with unwonted tender fondness, "you are all the world to me, and if I should lose you I should lose all that makes life desirable; but I wish you to consider the cost of your choice and not make enemies of your only friends, to regret it later."

"No, Wallace—never! I shall not regret it. I love you with my whole heart, and—I shall die if we are separated," Violet concluded, with a pathetic little sob that went straight to her lover's heart.

His face grew luminous with a great joy; he knew then that she belonged to him for all time.

"Then, listen, love," he said; and bending, he placed his lips close to her ear, and whispered for a minute or two.

Violet listened, while a strange wondering expression grew on her fair face, and a burning blush mounted to her brow, and lost itself among the rings of soft golden hair that lay clustering there.

She was very grave, almost awe-stricken, when he concluded, and then she stood for a moment silently thinking.

"Yes," she said, softly, at last, and dropped her face upon the hands that were still clasping hers.

They stood thus for another moment, then Wallace led her to a seat, and sitting down beside her, they conversed in repressed tones for some time longer.

Violet reached home just as her sister returned from making calls.

"Where have you been, Violet?" Mrs. Mencke asked, suspiciously.

"To take my German lesson," the girl responded, with a sigh.

Her heart was heavy and sore, and she longed for love and sympathy instead of sour looks and words.

"Your term is nearly ended, isn't it?" Mrs. Mencke continued, as they entered the house together.

"I have one lesson more," said Violet.

"Come in here; I want to talk with you," her sister rejoined, as she led the way into the drawing-room.

Violet followed, with flushing cheeks and eyes that began to glitter ominously. Her sister was leaping forth to meet the trial in store for her.

"I have been thinking," Mrs. Mencke began, throwing herself into a chair and trying to speak in an off-hand way, "that another little trip would do us all good. Will has business that calls him to Canada, and he thinks he would like company on the journey; so we have decided to combine business and pleasure, and take in all the sights on the way. He is to start next week from Wednesday, and we can easily be ready to accompany him by that time. What do you say, Vio?"

Violet thought a moment, then meeting her sister's eye with a steady glance, she briefly replied:

"I do not wish to go."

Mrs. Mencke flushed. She did not like that quiet tone.

"I am sorry," she returned, "for we have decided to shut up the house during our absence, and I could not think of leaving you behind."

"Nevertheless, Belle, I shall not go with you to Montreal," Violet answered, steadily.

"What shall anybody do to prevent it?" quickly demanded Mrs. Mencke, and regarding her sharply.

"I may as well be straightforward with you, Belle," Violet continued, "and tell that I know just what you have planned to do, and I am not going to Montreal to be placed in a convent."

"Violet!" ejaculated the startled woman, with a crimson face.

"You need not attempt to deny anything," the young girl continued, calmly, "for I overheard you and Will planning it last night. I came down to get something that I had left in the library, and as I was passing through the hall I heard you say you would send me to a convent. Of course, having learned that much, I was bound to hear all I could of the plan."

Mrs. Mencke looked blank over this information for a moment; then her temper getting the better of her, she burst forth into a torrent of reproaches and abuse.

Violet sat with quietly folded hands and did not attempt to interrupt her; but finally the woman grew ashamed of the sound of her angry voice and words and ceased.

"Are you through, Belle?" Violet then inquired, in a cold, strangely calm tone.

"Well, you have driven me nearly to distraction by the way you have carried on of late," Mrs. Mencke said, apologetically.

"I think I have had something to bear as well from you," the young girl returned; "but I am no longer a child to be taken hither and thither against my will. I do and Will wisl to take a trip to Canada you can do so by your selves. I shall not accompany you."

"What will you do?—remain in Cincinnati and meet that vulgar carpenter on the sly, I suppose," retorted her sister, angrily.

"I can go to Mrs. Medlyn's. Nellie has long been wishing me to spend a few weeks with her."

"And she will aid and abet you in your love-making, perhaps you imagine," sneered Mrs. Mencke. "No, miss; you will go with us, whether you want to or not, and you will also go into a convent, where you will remain until you give me your solemn promise to relinquish all thoughts of ever marrying that low-born Yankee."

Violet arose at this point and stood pale and erect before her sister.

"Belle, I shall not go to Montreal. I will not be forced to go anywhere against my inclination," she said, with a resoluteness that betrayed an unalterable purpose. "I know that you and Will were appointed my guardians, and that I shall not reach my majority for three years yet; but I know, too, that there is some redress for such abuse of authority as you are attempting to exercise. I do not pretend in this course—much as I shall dislike the notoriety of such a proceeding—I shall appeal to the courts to me you side-and appoint some one in your place. You said last night that it would be 'Roman against Roman' in this matter. You said truly; and hereafter, Belle, you will have to meet me in an entirely different spirit before you and I can ever be upon the old footing again. I hope, at least, that you may now understand, once for all, that I shall not accompany you and Wilhelm upon any trip."

She turned and walked with quiet dignity from the room as she ceased speaking, leaving Mrs. Mencke looking both startled and confounded by the resolute and unexpected stand that she had taken regarding her guardianship.

"Where on earth can she have found out about that point of law?" she muttered, angrily. "Some more of that carpenter's doings, I suppose."

She sat for some time absorbed in thought; but finally her face cleared, and rising she rang the bell.

The housemaid answered it almost immediately.

"Tell James to put the horses back into the carriage as quickly as possible, as I have forgotten something and must go immediately to the city again," she commanded, as she rearranged her wrap.

In less than ten minutes she was on her way, not back to the city, but to call upon an intimate friend in Eden Park.

(To be continued.)

Character Illustrated in a Moustache.

There is a good deal of character in the moustache.

As the form of the upper lip and in the regions about it has largely to deal with the feelings, pride, self-reliance, manliness, vanity and other qualities that give self-control, the moustache is more closely connected with the expressions of those qualities or the reverse.

When the moustache is ragged and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of proper self-control.

When it is straight and orderly, the reverse is the case, other things, of course, taken into account.

If there is a tendency to curl at the outer end of the moustache there is a tendency to ambition, vanity or display.

When the curl turns upward there is geniality, combined with a love of approbation; when the inclination is downward there is a sedate turn of mind not unaccompanied with gloom.

It is worthy of remark that good-natured men will, in playing with the moustache, invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas those grained or morose men will pull it obliquely downward.

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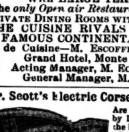
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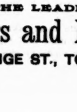

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CHAPTER XLVI.

"I have come to answer your note myself," said Enid to her cousin, as he made his way with faltering steps into the room. "I hope that you are better now?"

Hubert had seldom felt himself in a more uncomfortable position. What did this mean? Had Enid and Cynthia been comparing notes? He looked from one to the other in helpless dismay, and scarcely answered Enid's inquiry as he sank into the chair that Tom Jenkins wheeled forward for him. Cynthia had turned her back upon the company, and was again putting on her little black hat. It was plain that both she and Enid had been crying.

"You must have been very ill," said Enid, regarding him with compassionate eyes.

"For a few days I believe that I was rather bad; but I am all right now," said Hubert, taking refuge in conventionalities. "My kind nurse has introduced herself to you perhaps?"

"We introduced ourselves to each other," said Enid; and then she walked away from him to Cynthia. "Will you leave us together for a little time?" she murmured. "You do not mind? I shall not be long; but I want to make Hubert understand what I said to you just now."

She had drawn Cynthia outside the door as she spoke. The two looked at each other again gravely, and yet with a kind of pleasure and satisfaction—then they kissed each other. Cynthia ran downstairs; Enid re-entered the drawing-room and closed the door. Mrs. Jenkins had appeared on the scene with a tea-tray, which she arranged on a small table at Hubert's elbow; and, till she had gone, Enid did not speak. She sat down in a low armchair and observed her cousin steadily. He was certainly very much changed. His hair was turning gray on the temples; his eyes were hollow and haggard; he was exceedingly thin. There was an air of gloom and depression about him which Enid had not noticed before.

She gave him a cup of tea and took one herself before she would let him speak of anything but commonplaces. He did not seem inclined to talk; but, when she took away his cup, he laid a detaining hand on her arm, and said:

"It is very good of you to come."

"I would have come before if I had been able—and if you had wanted me."

"You are always welcome," said Hubert. But his tone was languid, and his eyes did not meet her own.

"Hubert, are you well enough to have a little talk with me—a sort of business conversation?"

"Certainly, Enid. I am really quite well now." There was still no alacrity in his reply.

"And you wrote to me, saying that I had not written——"

"And you had not—for a month or more," said he, smiling a little more frankly into her face. "Was I wrong?"

"Did you expect me to write?"

"Of certainly. Why not?"

"You did not think that I should believe what your sister has been saying!" Enid asked.

"Flossy! What does she say?"

"Miss West has not told you? Of course she knows; for she was here when Mrs. Vane and the general called."

"I suppose that everything disagreeable has been kept from me," said Hubert, after a little pause. "I know that there is a pile of letters which my nurses will not let me read. Tell me what has been going on."

"I am sorry to have to say disagreeable things to you," said Enid, softly. "It will not make you ill again, will it, Hubert?"

"Out with it! It won't matter!" said Hubert, in a rather impatient tone. "What do you want to say?"

"Nothing to make your pulse throb and your face flush in that manner," she answered, sitting down beside him and laying her cool fingers on his wrist. "Dear Hubert, I have no bad news for you, though I may say one or two things that sound disagreeable. Please don't excite yourself in this way, or I must go away."

"No no—you must speak out now; it will do me no harm. What is it?"

"Flossy saw Miss West here. She was displeased by her presence. Uncle Richard believed every word that his wife said, and was led to think that Cynthia West was a wicked designing creature who wanted to marry you. You can imagine what Florence would say and what Uncle Richard would believe."

"I can indeed! And did she come here and say this to Cynthia?"

"She said a great deal, I believe. She tried to make Cynthia go away—Uncle Richard told me; and—shall I tell you everything, Hubert?—he said that you would not be 'led astray' for very long, and that I should find that you were true—true to me."

"Enid, did you believe him?"

"I don't know exactly what I believed. It seemed to me that Cynthia West had done a very noble thing in coming to nurse you when you were ill."

Hubert turned and seized her hands.

"Heaven bless you for saying that, Enid! She saved my life."

"And we should be grateful to her, and not malign her, should we not? But it is only right, Hubert, that I should know the truth."

"The truth! What is there to know?" said Hubert, relinquishing her hands and frowning heavily. "Flossy is absurdly wrong and mistaken, and Cynthia West is one of the noblest women in the world—that is all that I have to say. When I am a little stronger, Enid, it will be better if you will consent to marry me at once; then we can go away together and spend the winter in Egypt or Algiers."

He spoke hardily, determinedly. He had made up his mind to carry out his sacrifice, if Enid desired it, at any cost. He had, as the general would have said, returned to his allegiance.

Enid looked at him with a keenness, an intentness, which struck him as remarkable.

"Do you want me to marry you?" she said.

"Of course I do! Why else should I have asked you?" he returned, with all a sick man's petulance. "I want to get the ceremony over as soon as possible—as soon as you will consent. When shall it be?"

"One moment, Hubert. Tell me first what I want to know. Is Flossy right in saying that Cynthia loves you?"

"You may be quite sure that Flossy is infernally wrong in anything she says!" he answered.

He had never spoken so roughly to her before. She drew back for a second, and he immediately apologized.

"I beg your pardon, Enid; I am sorry to be so irritable. Think of me as a sick man still, and forgive me. But Flossy knows nothing of the matter."

"Not even that Cynthia cares for you?"

A deep flush rose to his face.

"You should not ask me. It is the last thing that I can tell," he said, with the same sharpness of tone.

"Then tell me another thing, Hubert. Do you not care for her?"

"Yes—a great deal. She has been a kind friend—an excellent nurse—and I am grateful to her. Enid, I do not like to think that you believe me to be untrue to you."

She took his hand in hers and kissed it—a movement which discomposed him exceedingly.

"I did not think for one moment that you would desert me, Hubert, if I wanted you to perform what you had promised."

"Enid, what do you mean? Of course I shall perform what I have promised. Has Flossy been making you jealous and suspicious? My dear, believe me, there is no occasion for you to be so. You are very dear to me, and I will be faithful to you always. You shall never have cause to complain."

"Yes, I know," she said gently. "You are very good, Hubert, and you would not for the world do what you think to be a cruel thing. But would it not be better for you to be perfectly open with me? If you care for Cynthia West, would it not be better even for me that you should marry the woman whom you love?"

She looked at him and saw his face twitch. Then he shook his head.

"This is folly, Enid, and I am really not strong enough to stand it. You have no need to be troubled with doubts and fears, my little girl. Cynthia West is as good and true as a woman can be; and I—I mean to make you happy and do my duty as a man should do."

Enid smiled, but her eyes were filled with tears.

"Ah, Hubert, I am so glad that you say that!" she cried. "Hubert looked worried, tormented, anything but glad; but she went on. "I always trusted you—always believed in you—and I was right. You would never be untrue—you would never——"

"For Heaven's sake, Enid, stop!" said Hubert faintly. "I can't—I can't bear this sort of thing!" And indeed he looked so ghastly that she had to find smelling-salts and bring him some cold water to drink before she could go on.

"I am very sorry," she said penitently, "and I will say what I have to say very quickly, if you will let me. You will not acknowledge the truth, I see, thought it would be wiser if you would. You love Cynthia West, and Cynthia loves you; and, though you are willing to keep your word to me, you care for me only as a cousin and a friend. Is not that really the truth?"

"My dear Enid, you are developing a wonderful amount of imagination and, I may say, of courage!"

"I don't know about imagination," she said, smiling again; "but I think that I have gained a great deal of courage since I saw you last. As you will not set me free for your own sake, I must ask you to set me free for mine. I cannot marry you, Hubert. Will you forgive me for breaking my word?"

Her eyes shone so brightly, her smile was so sweet, that Hubert looked at her in amazement. He had never seen her half so beautiful. She was transfigured; for love and happiness had done their work, and made her lovelier than she had ever been in all her life before.

"I am in earnest," she went on. "I have been false to you, Hubert dear—and yet I never liked you so well as I like you now. I have given my word to some one else—to some one that I love better—and I want to know if you will forgive me and set me free."

"Enid, I cannot understand! Do you think that I am not—that I shall—care—to marry you? My dear, if you will only trust me and honor me so far—"

Enid laughed in his face.

"Why won't you believe that I am in earnest?" she said. "Indeed I am speaking seriously. My lover is Maurice Evandale, the rector of Beechfield, better than I love you, uncivil though it may sound."

He caught her by the hands.

"Really—really—truly? You love him?"

"Far better than I ever loved you, dear Hubert! You are my cousin, whom I love sincerely in a cousinly way; but I love Maurice with all my heart and soul!"—and a deep blush overspread her countenance, while her happy smile and lowered eyes attested the truth of her statement.

"And are you happy?"

"Very happy! And, Hubert I should like to see you happy too. Now, acknowledge the truth, please. You love Cynthia—is not that true?"

"Enid, you are a witch!"

"And she loves you?"

He did not answer for a minute or two. Then, with unaccustomed gravity of tone, he said—

"I fear so, Enid."

"You fear so? Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Because I am afraid that, even if we love each other, we ought not to marry."

"You mean because of my father?" she said, in a low voice.

"Yes, because of your father."

But he did not mean it in the sense that she attributed to his words. He lay back in his chair, sighing heavily, and again growing very pale.

"Hubert," said the girl, "I think you are wrong. Cynthia is not to blame for her father's actions—it is not fair to punish the innocent for the guilty."

"My dear, I must tell you before you go on that Cynthia does not believe her father guilty."

"Not guilty! Oh, Hubert! But you think so, do you not?"

He struggled with himself for a minute.

"No, Enid," he said at last.

Her face grew troubled and perplexed.

"But the jury said that he was guilty! You think that they were wrong! Perhaps some new evidence has been found! I shall be glad for Cynthia's sake if her father is innocent."

"Shall you, Enid?"

"Yes; for it must be such a terrible thing for a girl to know that her father has committed a great crime. She can never forget it; her whole life must be overshadowed by the remembrance. I am so thankful to think that my own dear father—although his end was tragic—lived a good and honorable life. It would be awful for Cynthia if she believed her father to be a wicked man!"

Hubert turned away his face. It was terrible to him to hear her speak thus. It seemed to him that, whenever an impulse came upon him to speak the truth, she herself made the truth appear unspeakable. Better perhaps to leave the matter where it stood. It was a mere question of transferring a burden from Cynthia's strong to Enid's feeble shoulders.

"Whether Westwood was really innocent or guilty," he said, with an effort, "is not for us to decide—now."

"No; and therefore we must do our best for Cynthia and for ourselves," said Enid, with sudden resolution. "I did not know before that there was even a doubt about his guilt; but, if so, our way is clear, Hubert dear. You are not hesitating because you do not want to marry a convict's daughter, are you?"

"Not at all."

"Then it is because you are afraid that we—that I perhaps—shall be hurt? I know that Flossy and the general feel strongly on the point. But, Hubert, I absolve you—I give you leave. In my father's name I speak; for I am sure that in another world where all things are known he sees as I do—that the innocent must not be punished for the guilty. If you love Cynthia, Hubert, marry her; and I will give you my best wishes and my happiness. I am sure that it should be so—else why should God have permitted you to love each other?"

"Enid, you are a marvellous girl!" cried Hubert.

He seized her hand and pressed it to his lips. She felt tears hot upon her fingers, and knew that they came from his eyes. She bent down and kissed his bowed head.

"God bless you, dear!" she said. "I am so happy myself that I cannot bear you and Cynthia to be unhappy. Will you tell her when she comes in that I want you to marry her as soon as possible? She is so good, so noble, that I am sure you will be happy with her. And you can go abroad together if you are married soon. Good-bye, Hubert! We shall always think of each other lovingly, shall we not?"

"I shall think of you—gratefully," he said, with his face bowed down upon his hands—"as of an angel from heaven!"

"Oh, no—only as a poor, weak, erring little girl, who broke her word to you and had far more happiness than she deserved. And now good-bye."

He would have detained her—perhaps to say more words of gratitude—perhaps to say something else; but she withdrew herself from his clasping hand and quietly left the room. She knew that he was better alone. She went downstairs, let herself out of the house, and met Cynthia on the steps. The girl was just returning after a hurried walk round and round the square.

"Go to him," said Enid softly. "He wants help and comfort, and he wants your love. I will be very happy by-and-by."

And Cynthia went.

(To be continued.)

An American Lady on English Women.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, the well-known New York publisher and journalist, has been relating her impressions of Englishwomen, of whose grace and beauty she speaks in enthusiastic terms.

Nothing in England (says Mrs. Leslie) strikes the foreign visitor so forcibly as the freshness and beauty of womanhood, especially among the members of the titled aristocracy, and an English girl or woman without a beautiful throat, shoulders and arms is the exception.

The beauty of English figures is not proverbial as that or American faces. Nowhere, in fact, except, perhaps, in my own land, have I met with such loveliness of face combined with such purity of mind and nobleness of character. Kindness and good will seem to be an inherent quality of the British soul; and a prevailing desire and determination to make others happy, such as I encountered on every side during my recent visit to England, while it is a happy characteristic of the nation and a noticeable feature of the upper classes, cannot fail to account in a measure for the loftiness and bloom which pervades the truly English cheek and brow.

English and American girls bear off the palm among the nations of the world. There is, however, a difference between their respective qualities of beauty. The English girl is thoroughly active in her pursuit of healthy exercise; she walks and runs and plays lawn tennis to a great deal; riding, if she has the means, is one of her favorite amusements; while boating and tricycling are eagerly sought whenever opportunity occurs.

Our American "rosebuds," on the contrary, have a very trying climate to contend with; they take too little exercise and too much iced water.

The result is that English girls are able to bring a more roseate bloom to their cheeks, to walk longer distances, and to face more no fatigue; they are, in fact, more robust, and have better developed figures; and although there are, no doubt, in New York or any other large city of the United States, a dozen women as perfectly beautiful in form and face as any chiselled by the greatest artists, our American girls are, in the main, less bright in color, more delicate and pale, than would be the case if they more steadfastly resorted to the invigorating means of health, outdoor exercise, long since adopted by their English sisters, and to which, doubtless, the latter owe their exquisite forms, and also the fact that they retain youthful in appearance much longer than our compatriots; in fact, an Englishwoman of forty looks younger than an American of thirty years of age. I do not now refer to women of the working class. It must be borne in mind, however, that London is a great center to which much of the female beauty of the world gravitates.

Mrs. Leslie believes that the reign of Paris as Fashion Queen is over, and will never return. Why? Because London and New York have obtained a supremacy which they will never relinquish. Finer dresses are made for court wear in London than anything now called for in Paris. For street wear who can equal an English ladies' tailor? For gay attire, where harmonious colors are made a feature, American dressmakers and milliners take the lead of all others. Some charming bonnets, greatly admired in aristocratic London drawing-rooms last spring, were made in Washington.

Tea is the special delight of the Englishwoman—in fact, she is a tea-sloper, for no drunkard depends more on his glass as a stimulant than does the Englishwoman on her five-o'clock tea. She offers it to her guest with the air of one who confers life's choicest blessing. It is her panacea for every ill—mental or physical. Her sorrows and perplexities vanish under its benign influence, and in the case alike of a broken head or a broken heart, she proffers it in simple good faith as a sovereign remedy.

A Man of Means.

Mrs. Stuckupp—Is this Mr. Slimpurse you have engaged yourself to a man of means?

Sensible Daughter—Yes, mother. He means all he says, and that's the sort of a husband I want.

Unanswerable.

Mr. Blinkins—You know the old proverb. "The best is the cheapest?"

Mrs. Blinkins—Oh, you are mistaken. The best is the dearest. I know, for I've asked the prices.

One For Him.

A famous artist once painted an angel with six toes.

"Who ever saw an angel with six toes?" people inquired.

"Who ever saw one with less?" was the counter question.

He Asked But Little.

"Would you mind," asked the editor, in a conciliatory tone, "if I left off the first and last verses of your poem?"

"But there are only two stanzas in it," gasped the poet.

"Yes, I know," assented the editor, affably.

Heard But Not Heeded.

Mother—I am glad to hear you went to church to-day. What was the sermon about?

Adult son (a shorthand reporter)—I don't know, mother; I haven't written out my notes yet.

Double Rates.

Customer—What's the charge?

Barber—Twenty cents.

Customer—Twenty cents! Why, I thought you only charged ten cents for a shave!

Barber—Yes, sir, but you see you have a double chin.

Cutting Repartee.

Seated in a street-car near two sweet young things, who were full of the beautiful ingenuousness of girlhood, I was listening to their conversation reached a Boston *Gazette* writer: "Oh, Amy, I have a frightful rip in my riding-habit and forgot to have it mended. Lend me yours to-morrow, will you?" "Yes, indeed, dear." (With emphasis and the utmost sweetness.) "But I'm awfully afraid you'll find it too tight; I wear a twenty-one corset, you know." "Yes." (A slight but very impressive pause.) "I think perhaps I can get it together, though; I wear a nineteen." It was clean-cut as the stroke of a razor; beautifully given and beautifully taken. Both faces preserved their calm and placid expression and a new topic of conversation was started almost instantly.

Not So Bad After All.

First Pretty Girl (angrily)—That fellow across the aisle ought to be horsewhipped. He has been staring at you for the last ten minutes.

Second Pretty Girl—Why, my dear, you are mistaken. He has been looking steadily at you, excepting when you turned in his direction, and then he would look at me to avoid meeting your eyes.

First Pretty Girl (sentimentally)—I—wonder—who—he—is.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Where He Lived.

Caller—Is Mr. Brown at home?

Servant—Yes, sir; you will find him at the club.

Hard to Find.

"I say, Mrs. McCarthy, this 'ere's a very bad cabbage."

Mrs. M.—Shure now, and is it, honey? Then pick another. Bless yer soul, young cabbages is like sweethearts—you must thry half-a-dozen 'fore ye gets a good wan.

A Disingenuous Doctor.

Late, one evening, a doctor received a note from a couple of fellow-practitioners, saying:

"Pray step across to the club; we are one short for a rubber."

"Emily, dear," he then said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a very serious case, for there are two doctors already in attendance."

Legal Trials.

"Your age, madam?"

"I am over twenty, sir."

"Your precise age?"

"Between twenty and thirty."

"Come, tell us in what year you will be thirty."

"To-morrow, Mr. Lawyer."

His Currency.

A couple of jail-birds were drinking together when one of them took out his watch.

"Bless me!" exclaimed his astonished companion, "you've got a watch."

"Looks like it."

"And how much did it cost you?"

"Six months."

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My wife was long subject to severe Headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorder. After trying various remedies, without relief, she used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was speedily cured.—S. Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass.

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New shades in Ribbon, new designs in Shapes, stylishly made up to suit every customer, Flowers, Feathers, Veilings, &c., in great variety. Take advantage of our long experience—a trial order will convince.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING

Fashion, Fit and Finish assured. We stand second to none in this department.

Leave orders early to assure prompt attention.

DRESS CUTTING HEADQUARTERS

FOR THE

"NEW TAILOR SYSTEM"

Cutting taught by this UNIQUE system in all its branches. Liberal inducements to agents.

J. & A. Carter, 372 Yonge St., Toronto

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

ried a little less than a year, and the bereaved husband has the earnest sympathy of a large circle of friends. Mrs. Elliott was the eldest daughter of Mr. Warring Kennedy.

•

Mr. Walter McKenzie died on Sunday at his residence, Castle Frank in Rosedale. Mr. McKenzie had occupied the position of clerk of the County Court since 1838. The deceased was of Scotch descent. His only daughter is Mrs. Hoskin of The Globe.

•

Judge Tait of Montreal was at the Queen's last week.

•

Mr. Ernest Hazell, son of Walter Hazell the well-known publisher of London, Eng., is in the city. He intends visiting the principal places of interest in Canada west and centre.

•

Mr. E. W. Sandys came up from Montreal to attend the races.

•

The residence of Mr. Barlow Cumberland on Wellington street west was the scene last Tuesday evening of an unusually pleasant gathering of those bright young men who compose the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club. Mr. Cumberland is the possessor of one of the finest architectural libraries in the city, collected by his father, the late F. W. Cumberland, who was the joint architect with Mr. Storm of some of Toronto's most beautiful buildings, notably the University, Osgoode Hall, and St. James' Cathedral. To the young architects present, these valuable books were sufficient to ensure a thoroughly enjoyable evening. At the conclusion of the gathering, after justice had been done to the good things provided, the health of the host was drunk, and the old, familiar strains of He's a Jolly Good Fellow bore witness to the sentiments of every one present.

Out of Town.

OSHAWA.

The Oshawa Cricket Club gave their annual entertainment, on May 23, to a large and fashionable audience. The first part of the programme consisted of a short comedy, entitled Which is Which, and was put on in a most artistic manner. Mr. Babbitt as Robert Capper, the struggling artist, showed much conscientious study and his support proved all that could be desired. This was followed by A Rough Diamond, which from start to finish met with unbounded applause, all agreeing that it was without exception the best performance which has been given to an Oshawa audience. Of Miss Maud Masson in the character of Margery too much praise can hardly be said and we venture to add that if she chose to tempt the fates upon the boards, Rosina Vokes would have to look to her laurels. Miss Masson's Margery was charming. She varied the text slightly by introducing a song instead of the dance and in Little Annie Rooney made the hit of the evening, although we think on the principle of "sweetness lingers long" the devotions of the following Sabbath were somewhat interfered with by the pretty jingle of its refrain. Mr. Dudley Hill as Cousin Joe fresh from the farm and full of news was inimitable. His personation of the country bumpkin both in accent and make up was a true comedian's work. The role of Capt. Bluenheim was faithfully depicted by Mr. Henderson. The trying part of Lady Plato received a very creditable and careful rendition at the hands of Miss Pedlar, while Mr. Tuck Holland as her learned and venerable spouse brought down the house. Mr. Babbitt again successfully carried through a difficult part in the character of Sir William. Much praise is due to the professional manner in which the stage arrangements were looked after.

When the play was over the friends of the Cricket Club including quite a number of Toronto people remained for a dance which was thoroughly enjoyed.

The following night the Dramatic Club scored another success in Whitby when they presented the same pieces to a full house.

Between the plays a duet was sung by Miss Masson and Miss Bainbridge in a most pleasing manner, receiving an enthusiastic encore.

The Cricket and Dramatic Clubs have every reason to be pleased with the result of their efforts. TOM AND JERRY.

How the Mate Got Even with the Captain.

There are circumstances under which the most truthful and creditable statements may be both misleading and unwelcome. During a certain voyage of a down east vessel the mate, who usually kept the log, became intoxicated one day and was unable to attend to his duty. As the man very rarely committed the offence, the captain excused him and attended to the log himself, concluding with this: "The mate has been drunk all day."

Next day the mate was on deck and resumed his duties. Looking at the log he discovered the entry the captain had made and ventured to remonstrate with his superior.

"What was the need, sir," he asked, "of putting that down on the log?"

"Wasn't it true?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; but it doesn't seem necessary to enter it on the log."

"Well," said the captain, "since it was true, it had better stand."

The next day the captain had occasion to look at the log, and at the end of the entry which the mate had made he found this item: "The captain has been sober all day."

The captain summoned the mate and thundered; "What did you mean by putting down that entry? What was the need, I say? Am I not sober every day?"

"Yes, sir; but wasn't it true?"

"Why, of course, it was true!"

"Well, then, sir," said the mate, "since it was true, I think it had better stand—it had better stand."

The mate took his departure hastily, dodging the marlinspike as he went.

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p m.

Comfort is everything while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

THE INCOMPARABLE GILMORE

COMING AGAIN JUNE 4 & 5

Four Grand Concerts, Two Matinees Two Evenings

The Famous Band

P. S. GILMORE, Conductor.

Twelve celebrated Vocal and Instrumental artists and the Grand Chorus of the Toronto Philharmonic Society. F. H. Torrington, conductor.

Tickets—Matinees, 50c; Reserved seats, 75c. Evening concerts, 50c; Reserved seats, 75c. and $1.

Plan open at Nordheimer's Wednesday, May 28.

Arrangements will be made to announce results of important elections at the Pavilion on the evening of June 5.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

IN

PRINTS AND SATEENS

AT

M'KEOWN & COMPANY'S

We are offering a special purchase of French Sateens—over 200 pieces of regular 20c. and 25c. goods. We sell them at 12½c., 15c., 17½c. per yard. These are beautiful goods and the greatest bargains we have ever shown.

Choice patterns in new prints, 5c., 7c., 8c. per yard. Best French Prints, fast colors, 10c., 12½c. per yard, in newest patterns.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS IN LACE CURTAINS

We are selling Lace Curtains, 3 yards long at 51c., 75c., $1, in white and cream.
Specialvalue in Lace Curtains, $1.50 and $2 per pair.
Drapery Muslins in Madras, and Art Fabrics, newest patterns, from 10c. a yard.
Curtain Scrims from 7½c.
Great value in Sheetings, Tablings, Gray and White Cottons, Towels, Towellings and Household Linens of every description.

M'KEOWN & COMPANY

182 Yonge Street

RARE OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE

CHEAP CARPETS

EXECUTOR'S SALE

OF ENTIRE STOCK OF

WM. BEATTY & SON

Extra Reductions in WILTON and AXMINSTER CARPETS. Splendid patterns at $2.10 reduced to $1.60 per yard cash.

CHENILLE CURTAINS at $18.50 per pair reduced to $12.00 cash, and other lines equally low.

ODDFELLOWS and MASONIC CARPETS reduced from $1.00 per yard to 75c. cash.

CHURCH CARPETS in all grades.

OIL CLOTHS, LINOLEUMS, MATS, etc., etc.

3 KING STREET EAST

CHILDREN'S SUITS

We have received this week another large consignment of Children's, Boys' and Youths' Suits. Being fortunate in getting them very low by taking the entire lot (some 650 in all), we intend disposing of them as quickly as possible to get our money for them.

We offer the entire range in fine Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges at a reduction of from 25 to 35 per cent. off regular prices.

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

Corner Shuter Street

DRESSMAKERS'

Magic Scale

The Tailor System of Cutting Improved and Simplified

COMPLETE IN ONE PIECE

MISS CHUBB, Gen. Agt.

Waist Linings and Dresses Cut. CORSETS MADE TO ORDER. Satisfaction guaranteed.

426 1-2 Yonge St.

(Just south of College)

MORINUS HOUSE

New house and newly furnished and situate on west shore of Lake Rosseau. Every convenience for tourists.

Boats and Bath House on the Premises. Good Fishing in the Locality

Special terms to families. Satisfaction guaranteed. For further particulars apply to P. Marcotte, Judd Haven P. O., Lake Rosseau, Ont.

McNAUGHTON & CO., Proprietors.

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HARRY WEBB'S

FOR ESTIMATES FOR

Dinners
At Homes
Weddings
Banquets
Ball Suppers
Receptions, etc.

EVERY MINUTIÆ

66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

LOOK

FOR THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK

Something of special interest to those who appreciate

ART - IN - DRESS

TAYLOR & CO.

Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

MUSIC! MUSIC! MUSIC!

SUPERIOR DANCE MUSIC FOR PIANO

ANY FOUR PIECES in this list for ONE DOLLAR. HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS worth have been sold to our pupils, and to dancing teachers in Canada and the United States. They are all good.

*Waltz Minuet. New	Prof. Davis	.60
Lawn Tennis Waltz. New	Prof. Davis	.35
*Lawn Tennis Dance and Waltz. New	Prof. Davis	.75
Pit-a-Pat Schottische. New	Prof. Davis	.40
*La Zieka, for Ripple or Rye. New	Prof. Davis	.35
*La Bronco. Only one published	Prof. Davis	.35
*Jersey. The Favorite	Prof. Davis	.35
*Ripple. Origina'.	Prof. Davis	.35
*La Frolique. Good teaching piece	Prof. Davis	.35
Cymbeline Waltzes. Extra fine	Prof. Davis	.40
Bugle Call Polka. (Call to arms)	Prof. Davis	.50
Lancers, for Saratoga or Bombay	Prof. Davis	.50
*Eureka. Original	Prof. Davis	.50

Pieces marked thus (*) are our own dances. Fully explained. Sent by mail on receipt of price. FOUR PIECES FOR ONE DOLLAR. Address PROF. J. F. DAVIS, 91 Wilton Av., Toronto, Teacher of Dancing. Thirty-one years in Toronto.

LORNE PARK HOTEL

OPENS MONDAY, JUNE 2

Under strictly first-class management.

For terms apply by letter to LORNE PARK CO., Toronto. On and after June 2 also apply at Hotel.

Swift and elegant steamer GREYHOUND is chartered for this season. Good train service.

WM. HAWTHORNE,
Manager for Company formerly of London, Ont.).

Easy and Other Chairs

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty, both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

WELLINGTON STOTT

170 King Street West - - Toronto

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto. Telephone No. 2033

New arrivals. 2,000 Sponges 2c. worth 4c., 3c. worth 5c., 4c. to 6c. worth 10c., 9c. worth 20c., 19c. worth 35c., 22c. worth 40c., 29c. worth 60c. Rubber Scrubs for window and other cleaning, saves more labor than any other thing costing ten times more, 10 and 12 inch 14c. each, elsewhere 25c. to 35c., 14 inch 16c., elsewhere 40c. Croquet Sets, finely painted and finished, four mallets and balls, 78c., six mallets and balls. 98c., and eight mallets and balls, $1.25. Box of Clothes Pins, 60 dozen, 75c. 60 feet nine-ply best Jute Clothes Lines, 10c. On our Bargain Tables will be found many attractions. A good Envelope, well gummed, 1c. package, and a splendid one for 2c. Collar and Cuff Boxes, 21c. set, worth 50c. Splendid lines of Rubber Balls, fresh from factory, at most popular price. Get one of our new Price Lists, it is healthy reading, and come and see us.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

- THE -

30,000 ISLANDS OF THE GEORGIAN BAY

"The Penetanguishene"

WILL OPEN FOR THE

SUMMER SEASON OF 1890

ON JUNE 1

Since last season large improvements and additions have been made to the house, including extra dining-room for nurses and children, new kitchens, cold rooms, &c. Rooms for the house servants outside of hotel. Steam pumps for water supply in lieu of windmills, &c. The grounds have also been greatly improved.

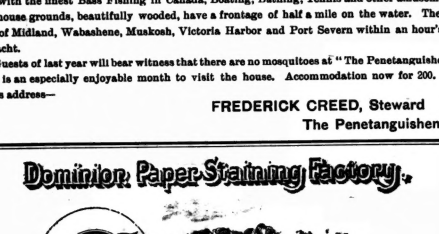
Special Attractions

The Reformatory Park and Gardens adjoining hotel. The 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay with the finest Bass Fishing in Canada, Boating, Bathing, Tennis and other amusements. The house grounds, beautifully wooded, have a frontage of half a mile on the water. The harbors of Midland, Wabashene, Muskosh, Victoria Harbor and Port Severn within an hour's run by yacht.

Guests of last year will bear witness that there are no mosquitoes at "The Penetanguishene." June is an especially enjoyable month to visit the house. Accommodation now for 200. For terms address—

FREDERICK CREED, Steward
The Penetanguishene.

Dominion Paper Staining Factory.



Embossed Papers, Bronzes, Micas, Silk Effects, Ingrains

DECORATIONS—JAPANESE LEATHERS, FRENCH LEATHERS, ANAGLYPTA AND ALL HEAVY RELIEF HANGINGS

WINDOW SHADES IN ALL WIDTHS

4 KING STREET WEST, - TORONTO

THE ALLIANCE

BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF ONTARIO, Limited

INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, $1,000,000

GENERAL OFFICES:

27 and 29 Wellington Street East 34 and 36 Front Street East

TORONTO

This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities. Will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for in-uing or counterasigning certificates of stock, bonds, or other obligations.

Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor.

Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.

All investments are guaranteed.

THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of $100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.

Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to.

WM. STONE, *President.* G. F. POTTER, *Managing Director.*

First-class General and Local Agents can obtain remunerative contracts by applying to

WILLIAM SPARLING, *Superintendent*

Persons requiring coppers for change can be accommodated at "Saturday Night" Office 9 Adelaide St. West

All the Difference.

Dentist (to waiting patients)—Now, then gentlemen, who comes next?

Waiting Patients (to each other)—You are the next sir, I believe.

(The scene changes.)

Barber (to waiting customers)—Next!

Waiting customers (all at once)—I'm next.—*Le Perroquet.*

British Tramps.

The finest thoughts of many great thinkers are undoubtedly the more or less direct result of their communion with the out-door world, its strengthening winds and healing sunshine. Certain men of incalculable influence over ideas and morals have been constant lovers of country walks, and it would be difficult to over-estimate the effect of such solitary rambles on their habits of thought.

It is calculated that Wordsworth, in his many years of sauntering, must have traveled a distance of one hundred and eighty thousand miles. What sights he saw during such prolonged and delightful wanderings, only those who have the poet's mind and eye can even guess.

Charles Dickens was a confirmed tramp, and no doubt acquired his experience of "life on the road" from actual acquaintance with all sorts of vagabonds and odd characters, such as frequent town and country lanes and highways.

One of the most remarkable of unprofessional walkers was Prof. Wilson, the "Christopher North" of literature. His fine physique and great endurance prompted him to the performance of wonderful feats, which seemed to him entirely a matter of course. He once walked forty miles in eight hours, and at another time walked from Liverpool to Elleray in twenty-four hours, a distance of eighty miles. It is good to think of the long unwearied strides with which he swung along, his blood bounding with healthy pulses, and sending invigorating waves to the active brain.

Henry Fawcett, also, was a tireless walker, and one who, when deprived of sight, did not for a moment think of relinquishing this among many forms of exercise. His was a familiar figure on the roads about Cambridge, and there is no exaggeration in saying that few men blessed with all their senses could enjoy nature more thoroughly than he.

Southey, worn and preyed upon by mental application and the practical anxieties of every-day life, found his greatest relief in tramping about the country, listening for what nature had to tell him, and learning contentment from her stability. John Stuart Mill delighted in pedestrian tours, and Charles Lamb, though he loved town better than country, was one who believed in sweeping cobwebs from the brain by brisk and continuous walking.

All these men walked not merely for profit, but for pleasure; and the profitableness of the exercise was the greater because of their pleasure in it. Their example may be commended to all. It is safe to say that whoever once forms the habit of regular tramping will never forego it except under some necessity.

They Kept Him Busy.

Jumley (to Puffer, who is busy writing)—My presence does not disturb you, does it?

Puffer—Oh, no: I don't mind, as long as you don't do as that blanked idiot Willis did this morning.

Jumley—What did he do?

Puffer—He gave me a handful of peanuts. Couldn't write for half an hour.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 238 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 128 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

GREEN—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. R. Henry C. Green—a daughter.

SCOTT—At Kincardine, on May 23, Mrs. James H Scott—a son.

LAILEY—At Toronto, on May 23, Mrs. Chas. E. Lailey—a daughter.

DRURY—At Toronto, on May 26, Mrs. C. Drury—a daughter.

PERKINS—At Toronto, on May 11, Mrs. Thos. E. Perkins—a daughter.

HAUN—At Orangeville, on May 23, Mrs. R. T. Haun—a son.

O'LEARY—At Toronto, on May 25, Mrs. W. J. O'Leary—a daughter.

WALKER—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. Raymond Walker—a son.

HUNT—At St. Catharines, on May 21, Mrs. W. G. Hunt—a daughter.

Marriages.

ALLEN—CHEVES—At Clifford, on May 20, A. Hilldane Allen, L D S, of Paisley, to Maggie Cheves.

RIGGS—JOHNSON—At Toronto, on May 24, William Riggs to Edith Johnson.

HORROCKS—HAMILTON—At Toronto, on May 26, Cecil S. E. Horrocks to Mary Crooks Hamilton.

BROWN—BRITT—At Detroit, on May 24, Wm. G. Brown to Millicent Travers Britt.

BARKER—GREER—At Hamilton, on May 24, Alfred F. Barker to Janet Grrer, both of Toronto.

COX—LANGLEY—At Toronto, on May 27, William Cox to Bertha Langley, both of Toronto.

Deaths.

OLIVER—At Toronto, on May 24, George Oliver.

IRWIN—At Toronto, on May 26, James Irwin, aged 31 years.

CHALK—At Port Hope, on May 24, Robert Chalk, aged 70 years.

McCAW—At Toronto, Mrs. Margaret McMillan McCaw, aged 82 years.

PHILLIPS—At Toronto, James Phillips, aged 50 years.

SHAW—At Toronto, on May 27, Rev. Calvin Shaw, of Novar, Muskoka.

CONNELL—At Collingwood, on May 23, James Connell, aged 77 years.

PEDDIE—At Toronto, on May 27, Mrs. Jessie Wylie Peddie, a. ed 80 years.

DOLMAGE—At Toronto, on May 26, Everett T. Dolmage, aged 13 years.

McKENZIE—At Toronto, Walter McKenzie, aged 77 years.

ELLIOTT—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. J. Ephraim Elliott.

HOWARTH—At Toronto, on May 23, John Howarth, sr., aged 76.

GREEN—At Woodstock, on May 22, Maggie Green.

HORNBROOK—At Little Rock, Ark., on May 24, James H. Hornbrook.

NOBLE—At Toronto, on May 26, Alexander Noble, aged 72 years.

SAMPSON—At Toronto, on May 23, Mrs. Elizabeth Armour Sampson.

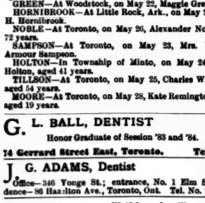
HOLTON—In Township of Minto, on May 24, Robert Holton, aged 41 years.

TILLSON—At Toronto, on May 25, Charles W. Tillson, aged 54 years.

MOORE—At Toronto, on May 28, Kate Remington Moore, aged 19 years.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
24 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tele. 2266

J. G. ADAMS, Dentist
Office—346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Residence—96 Hazelton Ave., Toronto, Ont. Tel. No. 2064.



Children's Tan Shoes
SPRING HEELS
AND
Summer Shoes
FOR EVERYBODY
IN
Black
and
Colored
Kid
WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street

"4711"—
WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP
Fragrant and delightful to use. Made in Cologne, Germany. The trade mark "4711" on every cake.
GENERAL AGENTS
LYMAN, KNOX & CO. . . . Montreal

Gentlemen of Toronto
AND VICINITY

Here you can inspect the latest designs for Spring and Summer wear.

Here you can judge of the largeness of our stock for Suitings.

There is much here to delight the eye.

JOHN J. TONKIN
155 Yonge St., cor. Richmond

18 Years of Honest Government

VOTE FOR
JOSEPH TAIT
AND
ALD. A. McDOUGALL
For the Legislative Assembly

ELECTION THURSDAY, JUNE 5

Provincial Elections
YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE
Are respectfully requested for the re-election of
H. E. Clarke
AND
E. F. Clarke
As Representatives of the City of Toronto in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario.
Election will take Place on Thursday, June 5
OUR PLATFORM
1. Equal rights to all; exclusive privileges to none.
2. The supremacy of the State in all Educational matters.
3. A non-political admistration of our Educational System.
*4. Every Ratepayer primarily a supporter of the Public Schools.
5. A Secret Ballot in ALL Elections.
6 The same standard of Qualification for Public and Separate School Teachers.
7. The same Text Books in Public and Separate Schools.
8. The same Inspection in Public and Separate Schools.
9. More power in the hands of the People; less power in the hands of the Government.

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORMENT OF
DIAMONDS.
At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.
GEO. E. TROREY
Manufacturing Jeweler
61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

CARPET AND CURTAIN DEPARTMENT
ALL NEW GOODS NOW IN STOCK

Special Lines, Heavy Wiltons, $1.57, worth $1.75. Best 5-frame Brussels, $1, worth $1.25. Good Brussels, 90c., worth $1.10. Best 10-Wire Tapestry, 65c., worth 85. Choice patterns in Tapestry, new colorings, only 50c.
Art Squares, 2 and 3 ply Kidder Carpet.
Oilcloths, Linoleums, Smyrna Rugs, Door Mats, China Mattings, etc.

CURTAIN STOCK
Full Lines of Swiss, Antique, Irish Point, Velours and all the Newest styles. Art Muslins, Crepes, Corrigas, in all the new Art Shades.
A special line of Heavy Portiere Curtains reduced from $9 to $6; still lower, $6 to $4; Choice Curtains at $2, $2.50 and $3.50 per pair.
Window Shades to order, all styles. Art Screens, Poles, etc.
Special attention given to Art Draperies.

R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

IMPORTANT SALE
OF
SWISS
EMBROIDERIES
If you cannot attend send for Samples
Prompt attention given to Mail Orders

500 pieces Cambric Embroideries, selling at 3c. per yard, regular 5c. goods. 500 pieces 8c Embroideries, selling at 5c. per yard. 500 pieces of 10c. Embroideries, selling at 5c. per yard.

500 pieces Swiss Edgings in neat designs, at 6½c. per yard, sold elsewhere at 12½c. 400 pieces in showy open work patterns, at 7½c. per yard, worth 15c.

Fine Cambric Edgings, sold last season at 15c., now 8½c. 20c Edgings selling at 10c 25c. Edgings selling at 12½c., 30c. Edgings at 15c.

Swiss Muslin Embroideries at less than cost to manufacture—5c, 6½c., 7½c., 10c, 12½c., 15c., 20c. and 25c. per yard

Hem-Stitched and Scalloped Dress Flounc ngs

Superior cloth, fine embroidery, deep borders, pretty designs. at 37½c., 45c., 50c., 60c., 65c., 75c., $1 and $1.25 per yard.

All-over Embroideries, Chambray Edgings, all shades, Feather-stitched Braids, etc., at half-price at

R. SIMPSON'S, S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen

$23.50
We are selling a
BEDROOM SUITE
with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price.
You should secure one of those plums.

R. POTTER & CO.
Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.
Telephone 1384

EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS

Having completed extensive alterations to our new premises we take pleasure in inviting the Ladies of Toronto to pay us a visit. We claim to have the largest exclusive Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the city, and will welcome all who call upon us. Our specialties are Dress Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ladies' Underwear, Ready-made Costumes, etc.

This week we offer special bargains in each department. Dressmaking on the premises.

THE GOLDEN CROWN
240 and 242 Yonge Street
MACLEAN & MITCHELL

Cash or Credit One Price Either Way

Cash or Credit One Price Either Way

Baby Carriages from $8.50 to $34.00
A quantity of very fine Carriages, upholstered in plush, to be cleared at the price of ordinary coverings.

REFRIGERATORS
We have about thirty Refrigerators, made by Farson of Philadelphia and Jewett of Buffalo, which we carried over from last season and are clearing at specially low prices. Call early and secure one.
All goods marked in plain figures. One price to all and under all circumstances. Liberal terms to Credit Buyers, without interest or extra charge, at
177 Yonge Street, 4 Doors North of Queen
The C. F. Adams Home-Furnishing House

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

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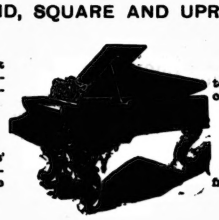

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